The
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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DESOLATE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

Thou art bending o'er the hearth, my friend,
Where love-fires never glow,
And the sparks of Hope are smothered
'Neath the ashes of thy woe.
The winds of Desolation shake
The roof-tree of thy Care,
And beside the chilly hearth-stone
Sits frozen-limbed Despair.

Thy heart has had no home, my friend,
Since thy first youth was past;
Thou lookest for peace but in the grave,
To which thou'rt going fast.
But we have a Father's house, dear friend,
Where warmth and light are free,
And in that many-mansioned home,
There's room for thee and me.

That home stands on a living Rock,
Where no rude waves can rise;
No clouds can dim, no lightnings pierce
Its ever-smiling skies.
And sweet will be our rest, dear friend,
When that bright home we win,
For JESUS at the portal stands,
To welcome pilgrims in.

STRONGHAND;

A ROMANCE OF THE PRAIRIES.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD,

AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FAMILY TRIBUNAL.

The Hacienda del Toro, like many feudal mansions, contained one room which remained constantly closed, and was only opened on solemn occasions. The head of the family was conveyed there to die, and remained on a bed of state till the day of his funeral: and the wife was confined there. There, too, marriage contracts were signed. In a word, all the great acts of life were performed in this room, which inspired the inhabitants of the hacienda with a respect greatly resembling terror; for on the few occasions on which the Marquises de Tobar found themselves compelled to punish any member of their family, it served as the tribunal where the culprit was tried and sentence pronounced.

This room, situated at the end of the hacienda, was a large hall of oblong shape, paved with alternate large black and white slabs, and lighted by four lofty windows, which only allowed a gloomy and doubtful light to penetrate.

Tapestry, dating from the fourteenth century, and representing with all the simplicity of the age the different episodes of the mournful battle of Xeres—which delivered Spain to the Moors, and in which Don Rodrigo, the last Gothic king, was killed—covered the walls, and imprinted an indescribable character of sepulchral majesty on this cold and mournful hall, which was probably called the "Red Room" from the prevalence of that color in the tapestry work.

The young Count de Tobar had never entered this room since the day of his birth; and, however far back his thoughts reverted in childhood, he never remembered to have seen it open. Hence, in spite of all his courage, and the firmness with which he had thought it wise to arm himself for this decisive interview with his father, he could not restrain a slight start of fear on learning that his parents were prepared to receive him there.

The folding-doors were open, and on reaching the threshold the young man took in the room at a single glance. At one end, on a dias covered with a *petate*, the marquis and marchioness of Tobar were seated, gloomy and silent, beneath a canopy of black velvet with gold fringe and tassels. Candles, lit in tall, many-branched candelabra, in order to overcome the habitual gloom of the room, threw their flickering light on the aged couple, and imparted to their faces an expression of sternness and harshness that probably did not belong to them.

At the foot of the dias, and almost touching it, stood a young man of three or four-and-twenty, with handsome and distinguished features, whose elegant attire contrasted with the simple dress of the aged couple: this gentleman was Don Hernando de Tovar, younger son of the marquis. A footman, the same who had preceded the count in order to announce his arrival to his master, took a step forward on perceiving the young man.

"El Senor Conde, Don Rodolfo de Tobar y Mogner," he said, in a loud and marked voice.

"Show in the count,' the marquis said, in a voice which, though broken, was still powerful.

The man-servant discreetly retired, and the door closed upon him. The count walked up to the foot of the dias: on reaching it, he bowed a second time, then drew himself up, and respectfully awaited till it pleased his father to address him.

So profound a silence prevailed for some minutes in the room, that the hearts of the four persons might have been heard beating in their bosoms. Don Hernando took cunning side-glances at his brother, whom the aged couple examined with a mixture of sadness and severity.

The young count, as we said, was standing motionless in front of the dias. His posture was full of nobility, without being in any way provocative: with his right foot in front, his hand on his sword-guard, and the other holding his hat, whose long feather swept the ground, and his head slightly thrown back, he looked straight before him, without any display of arrogance or disdain. He waited, with a brow rather pale, it is true, owing to the internal emotions he felt; but the expression of his features, far from being that of a culprit, was, on the contrary, that of a man convinced of his innocence, and who expects to see his conduct approved rather than blamed.

"You have arrived, then, Senor Conde," the marquis at length said, sharply.

The young man bowed, but did not answer.

"You did not display any great eagerness in obeying my invitation."

"My lord, I only received very late last night the letter you did me the honor to send me," the count answered, gently. "This morning before sunrise I mounted my horse, and rode twenty leagues without stopping, so anxious was I to obey you."

"Yes," the marquis said, ironically, "I know that; for you are a most obedient son—in words, if not otherwise."

"Excuse me, my lord," he replied, respectfully, "but I do not understand to what you deign to allude at this moment."

The old gentleman bit his lips angrily.

"It is because we probably no longer speak the same language, Senor Conde," he said, dryly; "but I will try to make myself better understood."

There was a silence, during which the marquis seemed to be reflecting.

"You are the elder son of the family, sir," he presently continued, "and, as such, responsible for its honor, which your ancestors handed down to you unsullied. You are aware of this, I presume?"

"I am, my lord."

"Since your birth your sainted mother and myself have striven to place before you only examples of loyalty; during your childhood we took pleasure in training you in all the chivalrous virtues which for a long succession of centuries have been the dearest appanage of the race of worthies from whom you are descended. We continuously kept before your eyes the noble motto of our family, of which it is so justly proud. How is it, then, sir, that, suddenly forgetting what you owe to our care and the lessons you received from us, you suddenly, without your mother's permission or mine, abandoned without any plausible motive the paternal roof, and that, deaf to the remonstrances and tearful entreaties of your mother, and rebellious against my orders, you have so completely separated your life from ours, that, with the exception of the name you continue to bear, you have become a perfect stranger?"

"My lord!" the young man stammered.

"It is not an accusation I bring against you, Don Rodolfo," the marquis continued, quickly; "but I expect a frank and honorable explanation of your conduct. But, take care; the explanation must be clear and unreserved."

"My lord," the count answered, throwing up his head proudly, "my heart reproaches me with nothing: my conduct has been ever worthy of the name I have the honor to bear. My object, in obeying your orders so eagerly, has not been to justify myself, as I am not guilty of any fault, but to assure you of my respect and obedience."

An incredulous smile played round Don Hernando's mouth, and the marquis continued with the same tone of frigid sternness—

"I expected another answer from you, sir. I hoped to find you eagerly seize the opportunity my kindness offered you to justify yourself in my sight."

"My lord," the young man replied, respectfully but firmly, "in order that the justification you demand may be possible, I must know the charges brought against me."

"I will not press this subject for the present, sir; but since, as you say, you profess such great respect for my orders, I wish to give you an immediate opportunity to prove your obedience to me."

"Oh, speak, father!" the count exclaimed, warmly; "whatever you may ask of me—"

"Do not be over-hasty in pledging yourself, sir," the marquis coldly interrupted him, "before you know what I am about to ask of you."

"I shall be so happy to prove to you how far from my heart are the intentions attributed to me."

"Be it so, sir. I thank you for those excellent feelings; hence I will not delay in telling you what you must do to reinstate yourself in my good graces."

"Speak—speak, my lord!"

The old man, cold and impassive, still regarded his son with the same stern look. The marchioness, restrained by her husband's presence, fixed on the young man eyes filled with tears, without daring, poor mother, to interfere on his behalf. Don Hernando smiled cunningly aside. As for Don Rodolfo, his father's last words had filled him with fear; and in spite of the pleasure he affected, he trembled inwardly, for he instinctively suspected a snare beneath this pretended kindness.

"My son," the marquis continued, with a slight tinge of sadness in his voice, "your mother and I are growing old. Years count double at our age, and each step brings us nearer the tomb, which will soon open for us."

"Oh, father!" Don Rodolfo exclaimed.

"Do not interrupt me, my son," the marquis continued, with a commanding gesture. "You are our first-born, the hope of our name and race; you are four-and-twenty years of age; you are handsome, well-built, instructed by us in all the duties of a gentleman; in short, you are an accomplished cavalier, of whom we have just reason to be proud."

The marquis paused for a little while. Don Rodolfo felt himself growing more and more pale. His eyes turned wildly to his mother, who sorrowfully bowed her head, in order that his anxious glance might not meet hers. He was beginning to understand what sacrifice his father was about to demand of his filial obedience, and he trembled with terror and despair. The old man continued, in a firm and more marked voice—

"Your mother and I, my son, may be called away soon to appear before the Lord; but as I do not wish to repose in the tomb without having the satisfaction of knowing that our name will not die with us, but be continued in our grandchildren—this desire, which I have several times made known to you, my son, the moment has now arrived to realize; and by marrying, you can secure the tranquillity of the few days still left us to spend on this earth."

"Father—"

"Oh, re-assure yourself, count," the old gentleman continued, pretending to misunderstand his son's meaning. "I do not intend to force on you one of those marriages in which a couple, united against their wish, only too soon hate one another through the instinctive aversion they feel. No; the wife I intend for you has been chosen by your mother and myself with the greatest care. She is young, lovely, rich, and of a nobility almost equal to ours—in a word, she combines all the qualities necessary not only to render you happy, but also to revive the brilliancy of our house and impart a fresh lustre to it."

"Father!" Don Rodolfo stammered again.

"My son!" the marquis continued, with a proud intonation in his voice, as if the name he was about to utter must remove all scruples; "my son, be happy, for you are about to marry Dona Aurela del Torre Azul, cousin in the fifth degree to the Marquis del Valle."

"Oh, my son!" the marchioness added entreatingly, "this alliance, which your father so dearly desires, will soothe my last days."

The young man was of livid pallor. He tottered, his eyes wandered hesitatingly around, and his hand, powerfully pressed to his heart, seemed trying to stifle its beating.

"You know my will, sir," the marquis continued, not appearing to perceive his unhappy son's condition. "I hope that you will soon conform to it: and now, as you must be fatigued after a long ride in the great heat of the day, withdraw to your apartments. To-morrow, when you have rested, we will consult as to the means of introducing you to your future wife as soon as possible."

After uttering these words, in the same cold and peremptory tone he employed during the whole interview, the marquis prepared to rise.

By an effort over himself the young count succeeded in repressing the storm that was raging in his heart. Affecting a tranquility he was far from feeling, he took a step forward, and bowed respectfully to the marquis.

"Pardon me, my lord," he said, in a voice which emotion involuntarily caused to tremble, "but may I say a few words now?"

The old gentleman frowned.

"Did I not say to-morrow, sir?" he answered, dryly.

"Yes, my lord," the young man answered, sadly; "but, alas! if you do not consent to listen to me to-day, to-morrow may be too late."

"Ah!" said the marquis, biting his lips with a passion that was beginning to break out, "and for what reason, sir?"

"Because, father," the young man said, firmly, "to-morrow I shall have left this house never to re-enter it."

The marquis gave him a thundering look from under his gray eyelashes.

"Ah, ah!" he exclaimed, "then I was not deceived; what I have been told is really true."

"What have you been told?"

"Do you wish to know?" the old gentleman exclaimed, furiously. "After all, you are right; it is time that this pitiable farce should end."

"Sir—sir!" the marchioness said, with deep grief, remember that he is your son—your first-born!"

"Silence, madam!" the old man said, harshly; "this rebellious son has played with us long enough; the hour of punishment has pealed, and by heaven! it shall be terrible and exemplary."

"In God's name, sir," the marchioness continued, "do not be inexorable to your child. Let me speak to him; perhaps you are too harsh with him, although you love him. I am his mother; I will convince him, and induce him to carry out your wishes: a mother can find words in her heart to soften her son, and make him understand that he ought not to reject his father's orders."

The old man seemed to hesitate for a moment, but immediately recovered.

"Why should I consent to what you ask, madam?" he replied, with a roughness mingled with pity; "do you not know that the sole quality, or rather the sole vice, of his race, which this rebellious son has retained is obstinancy? You will get nothing from him."

"Oh, permit me to say, sir," the old lady continued, in a suppliant voice, "he is my son as well as yours. In the name of that love and that unswerving obedience you have ever found in me, I beseech you to let me make a final attempt to break his resistance, and lead him penitent to your feet."

"And then, my lord," Don Hernando, who had hitherto remained an apparent stranger to all that was taking place, remarked in a mocking voice, "perhaps we are mistaken; do not condemn my brother without hearing him; he is too good a gentleman, and of too old a family, to have committed the faults of which he is accused."

"That is well, Hernando; I am delighted thus to hear you undertake your brother's defence," said the old lady, smiling through her tears, and deceived by his words.

"Certainly, mother; I love my brother too dearly," the young man said, ironically, "to let him be accused without proof. I will never believe, until it is proved to me, that he has married this creature, although she is the daughter of the principal Cacique of the Opatas, any more than I will put faith in the calumnies that represent him not only as one of the intimate friends of the Curate Hidalgo, but also as one of his most active and influential partisans in this province. No; a thousand times no! A gentleman of the name and blood of Tobar knows too well what honor demands to commit such infamy! Acting so would be utter apostasy, and complete forgetfulness of all that a noble castilian owes to himself, his ancestors, and that honor of which he is only the holder. Come, Rodolfo; come, my brother, raise your head: confound the calumniators: give a solemn denial to those who have dared to sully your reputation. One word from you, but one that proves your perfect innocence, and the storm unjustly aroused against you will be dispersed; my father will open his arms to you, and all will be forgotten."

During this speech, whose deep perfidy the count recognized, he was suffering from extreme emotion. At the first words his brother uttered, he started as if he felt the sting of a viper; but gradually his anger had made way for contempt in his heart; and it was with a smile of crushing disdain that he listened to the emphatic and mocking conclusion.

"Well, my son," the marquis said, "you see everybody defends you here, while I alone accuse you! What will you answer to prove your innocence to me?"

"Nothing, father!" the young man said, coolly.

"Nothing?" the old gentleman repeated, angrily.

"No, father!" he continued; because, if I attempted to justify myself, you would not listen to me; and that, supposing you consented to listen to me, you would not comprehend me. Oh! do not mistake my meaning," he said, on seeing the marquis about to speak; "you would not understand me, father, not through want of intellect, but through pride. Proud of your name and the privileges it gives, you are accustomed to judge men and things from a peculiar point of view, and understand honor in your own fashion."

"Are there two sorts of honor, then?" the marquis exclaimed, involuntarily.

"No, father," Don Rodolfo answered, calmly, "there is only one; but there are two ways of comprehending it: but my brother, who a moment back spoke, seems to me to have studied the point thoroughly, and is better able than I to discuss it. As you said yourself, father, we must come to an end. Well, be it so. I will not attempt to continue an impossible struggle with you. When I received orders to come to you, I

A GALLOP FOR LIFE.

[SEE ARTICLE ON FOURTH PAGE.]

know I was condemned beforehand—and yet I obediently attended your summons; it was because my resolution was irrevocably formed. What am I reproached with? Having married the daughter of an Indian Caique? It is true; I avow openly that I have done so; her birth is perhaps as good as mine, but most certainly her heart is greater. What is the next charge,—that I am a friend of the Curate Hidalgo, and one of his firmest adherents? That is also true; and I am happy and proud of this friendship: I glory in these aspirations for liberty with which you reproach me as a crime Descendants of the first conquerors of Mexico this land, discovered and subjugated by our fathers, has become our country; for the last three centuries we have not been Spaniards, but Mexicans. The hour has at length arrived for us to shake off the yoke of this self-called country, which has so long been fattening on our blood and tears, and enriching itself with our gold. In speaking thus to you, my venerated father, my heart is broken—for Heaven is my witness that I have a profound respect and love for you. I know that I am invoking on my head all the weight of your anger, and that anger will be terrible! but, in my sorrow, one sublime hope is left to me. Faithful to the motto of our ancestors, I have done everything for honor; my conscience is calm; and some day—soon, perhaps—you will forgive me, for you will see that I have not failed in fealty."

"Never!" the marquis shouted, in a voice the more terrible because the constraint he had been forced to place on himself, in order to hear his son's speech to the end, had been so great. "Begone! I no longer know you! You are no longer my son! Begone! villain! I give you my—"

"Oh!" the marchioness shrieked, as she threw herself into his arms, "do not curse him, sir! Do not add that punishment to the one you have inflicted on him. The unhappy boy is already sufficiently punished. No one has the right to curse him; a father less than any other—for in that case it is God who avenges."

The marquis stood for a moment silent and gloomy, then stretched out his arms to his son, and shook his head sadly.

"Begone!" he said, in a hollow voice. "May God watch over you—for henceforth you have no family. Farewell!"

The young man, pale and trembling, bent beneath the weight of this sentence; then rose and tottered out of the room without saying a word.

"My son! my son!" the marchioness exclaimed, in a heart-rending voice.

The implacable old man quickly stopped her at the moment, when, half-mad with grief, she was rushing from the dais, and pointed to Don Hernando, who was bowing hypocritically to her.

"You have only one son, madam," he said, in a harsh voice, "and that son is here."

The marchioness uttered a cry of despair, and, crushed with grief, fell senseless at her husband's feet; who, also overcome in this fearful struggle of pride of race against paternal love, sank into a chair and buried his face in his hands, while a mighty sob escaped from his bosom.

Don Hernando had rushed after his brother—not for the purpose of consoling or bringing him back, but solely not to let the joy be seen which covered his face at this mournful scene, all the fearful incidents in which he had been so long preparing with feline patience.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

After quitting the Red Room, Don Rodolfo, under the weight of the condemnation pronounced against him, with broken heart and burning head had rushed onwards, flying the paternal anger, and resolved to leave the hacienda as quickly as possible, never to return to it. His horse was still in the first yard, where he had tied it up. The young man went up to it, seized the bridle, and placed his foot in the stirrup. At the same moment a hand was laid on his shoulder—Don Rodolfo turned as if scared with a hot iron. His brother was standing before him.

A feverish redness suffused his face; his hands closed, and his eyes flashed lightning; but at once extinguishing the fire of his glance and affecting a forced calmness, he said, in a firm voice—

"What do you want, brother?"

"To press your hand before your departure, Rodolfo," the young man said, with a whining voice.

Rodolfo looked at him for a moment with an expression of profound disdain, then unhooking the sword that hung at his side, he handed it to his brother.

"There, Hernando," he said, ironically, "it is only right that, since you will henceforth bear the name and honor of our family this sword should revert to you. You desired my inheritance, and success has crowned your efforts."

"Brother," the young man stammered.

"I am not reproaching you," Don Rodolfo continued, haughtily. "Enjoy in peace those estates you have torn from me. May Heaven grant that the burden may not appear to you some day too heavy, and that the recollection of the deed you have done may not poison your last years. Henceforth we shall never meet again on this earth. Farewell!" And letting the sword he had offered his brother fall on the ground, he leaped on his horse and went off at full speed, without even giving a parting glance at those walls which had seen his birth, and from which he was now eternally banished. Don Hernando stood for a moment with hanging head and pale face, crushed by the shame and consciousness of the bad action he had not feared to commit. Already remorse was beginning to prey on him. At length, when the galloping of the horse had died away in the distance, he raised his eyes, wiped away the perspiration that inundated his face, and picked up the sword lying at his feet.

"Poor Rodolfo!" he muttered, stifling a sigh; "I am very guilty."

And he slowly returned to the hacienda. Count Don Rodolfo de Moguer kept the word he had given his brother; he never reappeared. Nothing was ever heard of him, and his intimate friends never saw him again after his journey to the hacienda, nor knew what had become of him. The next year, a few Indians who escaped from the massacre at the bridge of Calderon, when Hidalgo was defeated by the Spanish General Callega, spread the report that Don Rodolfo, who during the whole action kept by Hidalgo's side, was killed in a desperate charge he made into the heart of the Spanish lines, in the hope of restoring the fortunes of the day; but this rumor was not confirmed. In spite of all the measures taken by the marquis, the young man's body was not found among the dead, and his fate remained a mystery for the family.

In the meanwhile, Don Hernando, by his father's order, had succeeded to his brother's title, and almost immediately married Doña Aurelia del Torre Azul, originally destined for Don Rodolfo. The marquis and marchioness lived some few years longer. They died a few days after one another, bearing with them a poisoned sting of remorse for having banished their first-born son from their presence.

But, inflexible up to his dying hour the marquis never once made a complaint, and died without mentioning his son's name. However, the marquis's hopes were realized ere he descended to the grave, for he had the supreme consolation of seeing his family continued in his grandchildren.

At the funeral, a man was noticed in the crowd wrapped up in a wide cloak, and his features concealed by the broad brim of his hat being pulled over them. No one was able to say who this man was, although one old servant declared he had recognized Don Rodolfo. Was it really the banished son who had come for the last time to pay homage to his father and weep on his tomb? The arrival of the stranger was so unexpected, and his departure so sudden, that it was impossible to get at the truth of the statement.

Then, time passed away, important events succeeded each other, and Don Rodolfo, of whom nothing was heard, was considered dead by his family and friends, and then forgotten; and Don Hernando inherited without dispute the title and estates.

The Marquis de Moguer, in spite of the light under which we have shown him to our readers, was not a wicked man, as might be supposed; but as a younger son, with no other hope than the tonsure, devoured by ambition, and freely enjoying life, he internally rebelled against the harsh and unjust law which exiled him from the pleasures of the world, and condemned him to the solitude of the cloister. Assuredly, had his brother frankly accepted his position as first-born, and consented to undertake its duties, Don Hernando would never have thought for a moment of defrauding him of his rights. But when he saw Don Rodolfo despise the old tradition of his race—forget what he owed to his honor as a gentleman, so far as to marry an Indian girl and make common cause with the partisans of the revolution, he eagerly seized the opportunity chance so providentially offered him to seize the power lost by his brother, and quietly put himself in his place. He thought that, in acting thus he was not committing a bad action, but almost asserting a right by substituting himself for a man who seemed to care very little for titles and fortune.

Don Hernando, while whitewashing himself in this way, only obeyed that law of justice and injustice which God has placed in the heart of man, and which impels him, when he does any dishonorable deed, to seek excuses in order to prove to himself that he was bound to act as he had done. Still, the marquis did not dare to confess to himself that the chance by which he profited he had helped by all his power, by envenoming by his speeches and continual insinuations his brother's actions, ruining him gradually in his father's mind, and preparing, long beforehand, the condemnation eventually uttered in the Red Room against the unfortunate Rodolfo.

And yet strange contradiction of the human heart, Don Hernando dearly loved his brother; he pitied him—he would like to hold him back on the verge of the precipice down which he thrust him, as it were. Once master of the estates and head of the family, he would have liked to find his brother again, in order to share with him this badly-acquired fortune, and gain pardon for his usurpation.

Unfortunately these reflections came too late—Don Rodolfo had disappeared without leaving a trace, and hence the marquis was compelled to restrict himself to sterile regrets. At times, tortured with the ever-present memory of the last scene in the hacienda, he asked himself whether it would not have been better for him to have had a frank explanation with his brother, after which Don Rodolfo, whose simple tastes agreed but badly with the exigencies of a great name, would have amicably renounced in his favor the rights which his position as elder brother gave him.

But now to continue our narrative, which we have too long interrupted.

At the beginning of 1822, on a day of madness which was to be expiated by years of disaster, the definitive separation took place between Spain and Mexico, and the era of *pronunciamentos* set in. After the ephemeral reign of the Emperor Iturbide, Mexico reverted to a republic, or, more correctly, to a military government. Under the pressure of an army of 30,000 soldiers, which had 24,000 officers, the presidents succeeded each other with headlong speed, burying the nation deeper and deeper in the mire, in which it is now struggling, and which will eventually swallow it up.

By *pronunciamento* on *pronunciamento* Mexico had reached the period when this story begins; but her wealth had been swallowed up in the tornado—her commerce was annihilated, her cities were falling in ruins, and New Spain had only retained of her old splendors fugitive recollections and piles of ruins. The Spaniards had suffered greatly during the War of Independence, as had their partisans, whose property had been burned and plundered by the revolutionists. The fatal decree of 1827, pronouncing the expulsion of the Spaniards, dealt the final and most terrible blow to their fortunes.

The Marquis de Moguer was one of the persons most affected by this measure, although, during the War of Independence and the different governments that succeeded each other, he had taken the greatest care not to mix himself up at all in politics, and remained neutral between all parties. This position, which it was difficult and almost impossible to maintain for any length of time, had compelled him to make concessions painful to his pride: unfortunately, his fortune consisted of land and mines, and if he left Mexico he would be a ruined man.

His friends advised him frankly to join the Mexican government, and give up his Spanish nationality. The marquis, forced by circumstances, followed their advice; and, thanks to the credit some persons enjoyed with the President of the Republic, Don Hernando was not only not disturbed, but authorized to remain in the country, where he was naturalized as a Mexican.

But things had greatly changed with the marquis. His immense fortune had vanished with the Spanish government. During the ten years of the War of Independence, his estates had lain fallow, and his mines, deserted by the workmen he formerly employed, had gradually become filled with water. They could not be put in working order again except by enormous and most expensive works. The situation was critical, especially for a man raised in luxury and accustomed to sow his money broadcast. He was now compelled to calculate every outlay with the utmost care, if he did not wish to see the hideous spectre of want rise implacable before him.

The pride of the marquis was broken in this struggle against poverty; his love for his children restored his failing courage, and he bravely resolved to make head against the storm. Like the ruined gentlemen who tilled the soil, with their sword by their side, as a proof of their nobility, he openly became hacendero and miner—that is to say, he cultivated his estates on a large scale, and bred cattle and horses, while trying to pump out the water which had taken possession of his mines. Unfortunately, he was deficient in two important things for the proper execution of his plans: the necessary knowledge to assist the different operations he meditated: and, above all, money, without which nothing was possible. The marquis was therefore compelled to engage a majordomo, and borrow on mortgage. For the first few years all went well, or appeared to do so. The majordomo, Don Jose Paredes, to whom we shall have occasion to refer more fully hereafter, was one of those men so valuable in haciendas, whose life is spent on horseback, whose attention nothing escapes, who thoroughly understand the cultivation of the soil, and know what it ought to produce, almost to an arroba.

But if the estates of the marquis were beginning to regain their value under the skillful direction of the bailiff, it was not the same with the mines. Taking advantage of the convulsions in which Mexico was writhing, the independent Indians, no longer held in subjection by the fear of the powerful military organization of the Spaniards, had crossed the frontiers and regained a certain portion of their territory. They had permanently settled upon it, and would not allow white men to encroach on it. Most of the marquis's mines being situated in the very country now occupied by the Indians, were consequently lost to him. The others, almost entirely inundated, in spite of the incessant labor bestowed on them, did not yet hold out any hopes of becoming productive again.

What Don Hernando gained on one side he lost on the other; and his position, in spite of his efforts, became worse and worse, and the abyss of debt gradually enlarged. The marquis saw with terror the moment before him when it would be impossible for him to continue the struggle. Sad and aged by sorrow rather than years, the marquis no longer dared to regard the future, which daily became more gloomy for him. He watched in mournful resignation the downfall of his house—the decay of his race; seeking in vain, like the man without a compass on the mighty ocean, from what point of the horizon the vessel that would save him from shipwreck would arrive.

But, alas! days succeeded days without bringing any other change in the position of the marquis, save greater poverty, and more nearly impending ruin. In proportion as the misfortune come nearer, the marquis had seen his relations and friends keep aloof from him; all abandoned him, with that selfish indifference which seems a fundamental law of every organized society, when the precept, "Each man for himself," is put in practice, with all the brutal force of the *ve victis*.

Hence Don Hernando resided alone, with his son, at the Hacienda del Toro; for he had lost his wife several years before, and his daughter was being educated in a convent at the town of Rosario; with that noble pride which so admirably becomes men of well-tempered minds, the marquis had accepted without a murmur the ostracism passed upon him. Far from indulging in useless recriminations with men, the majority of whom had, in other days, received obligations from him, he had made his son a partner in his labors, and, aided by him, redoubled his efforts and his courage.

Some months before the period when our story begins, ill-fortune had seemed, not to grow weary of persecuting the marquis, but desirous of granting him a truce—this is how a gleam of sunshine penetrated the gloomy atmosphere of the hacienda. One morning, a stranger, who appeared to have come a great distance, stopped at the gate, leading a mule loaded with two bales. This man, on reaching the first courtyard, threw the mule's bridle to a peon, with the simple remark—"For Signor Don Hernando de Moguer—" and, without awaiting an answer, he started down the rocky road at a gallop and was lost in the windings of the path ere the peon had recovered from the surprise caused by the strange visit. The marquis, at once warned, had the mule unloaded, and the bales conveyed to his study. They each contained twenty-five thousand piastres in gold, or nearly eleven thousand pounds of our money: on a folded paper was written one word—Restitution.

It was in vain that the marquis ordered the most minute researches; the strange messenger could not be found. Don Hernando was, therefore, compelled to keep this large sum, which arrived so opportunely to extricate him from a difficult position, for he had a considerable payment to make on the morrow. Still, it was only on the repeated assurances of Don Ruiz and the major-domo, that the money was really his that he consented to use it.

Cheered by this change of fortune, Don Hernando at length consented that Don Ruiz should go and fetch his sister, and bring her back to the hacienda, where her presence had been long desired; though there had been an obstacle, in the dangers of such a journey.

We will now resume our narrative, begging the reader to forgive this long digression, which was indispensable for the due comprehension of what is about to follow, and lead him to the Hacienda del Toro, a few hours before the arrival of Don Ruiz and his sister; that is to say, about three weeks since we left them at the post of San Miguel.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The *Folio* says, Nilson flats, but we think that she must be very sharp sometimes, for her agreement reads "$2,000 a night, or no song."

☞ One may insert a thousand excellent things in a newspaper and never hear a word of them from its readers. But let a line or two not suited to their tastes creep in by accident or otherwise, and one hears of it from every quarter. [This is not our experience.]

☞ B. P. Shillaber ("Mrs. Partington") has retired from literary labor on account of failing health. He has been connected with journalism in Boston for many years.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, Jan. 28, 1871.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one extra) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

☞ *Club subscribers* who wish the Premium Engraving must send *one dollar extra*. To those who are not subscribers we will furnish it for *two dollars*.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents. Samples of both will be sent *free* to those desirous of getting up clubs.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

BACK NUMBERS.

We have still a large supply of the back numbers which contain the whole of Leonie's Mystery, and a large amount of other interesting reading—being admirable entertainment for the long winter evenings. A great chance for new subscribers.

OUR LETTERS.

A. W. S., of Knifflin, Iowa, says:—

"I think the last volume of THE POST a great improvement upon former years, which is saying a great deal for a paper usually good."

L. M. W., of Osceola, Iowa, says:—

"I have taken THE POST for 20 years, and intend to continue it as long as I live."

Miss A. K., of Blue Island, Ill., says:—

"We have taken THE POST 23 years, and the LADY'S FRIEND since the first year of its publication. I do not think mother could be persuaded to do without them. We heartily recommend both to all lovers of good reading."

Miss C. S. T., of New Guilford, Ohio, says:—

"My father has taken your paper for over 30 years, and it has become as it were a member of the family. No matter how many other periodicals we take we are always anxious for the arrival of THE POST."

Mrs. M. S. B., says:—

"THE POST is very dear to me, it having been a constant and reliable visitor at our fireside for the past 25 years, indeed it was the first newspaper of which I have any recollection, having read my first newspaper story in its columns in the year 1830; being then 5 years old I spelled it out with much difficulty, but the memory of that story remains with me yet."

J. C., of Birmingham, Ind., writes:—

"I am at present taking three other papers, besides receiving large numbers of specimen copies from all quarters, but I think THE POST as a literary paper excels them all. 'Betsy Bane' was one of the most beautiful stories I ever read."

G. W. McG., of Monticello, Mo., in sending on a club, writes:—

"I will send you some more subscribers in a few days, as I think THE POST the best paper published in the country."

Mr. K. W., of Mystic, Conn., in sending on a second club, says:—

"It is well nigh 20 years since I first began to take your valuable paper, THE POST; and if I should stop taking it you may set me down as insane, poor or dead."

N. M., of Amherst, Virginia, says:—

"During these long winter nights, I derive much pleasure from reading your most valuable and interesting paper. It is the best literary paper I ever read."

Mrs. H. C., of North Fork, Ky., in sending on a club, says:—

"I think your paper and magazine very valuable, and hail weekly and monthly with delight such welcome visitors to my home."

Miss A. C., of Miami, Ind., says of our new Premium engraving:—

"'The Sisters' is perfect."

Mrs. L. E. E., of Columbus, Ohio, in sending on a club, says:—

"I have taken THE POST for 29 years. I cannot keep house without it."

J. C., of Almond, N. Y., says:—

"I have taken THE POST so long (44 years) that it has become a feature of my household. I could not think of doing without it."

T. B. B., of Trinity, Louisiana, says:—

"We appreciate your paper too much to do without it. THE POST shall always be taken in our family."

J. C., of Circleville, Ohio, says:—

"My wife has been a constant reader of your valuable paper for the past 30 years—and says we cannot do without THE POST."

A number of similar extracts are omitted for want of room.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MAN AND WOMAN Considered in their Relations to Each Other, and to the World. By HENRY C. PEDDER. Published by Samuel R. Wells, No. 389 Broadway, New York; and also for sale by John L. Capen, 26 N. Ninth St., Philada.

TO THE YOUNG MEN OF THE WEST; or, a few Practical Words of Advice to those born in Poverty and destined to be reared in Orphanage. By L. U. REAVES. Published by S. R. Wells, New York; and also for sale by J. L. Capen, 26 N. Ninth St., Philada.

ONE HUNDRED CHOICE SELECTIONS—Containing New and Standard Selections for Recitation, Declamation, Parlor Reading, and for use in Schools and Academies. By PHINEAS GARRETT. Published by P. Garret & Co., 702 Chestnut St., Philada.

THE YOUNG PIONEER OF THE NORTH-WEST. By Dr. C. H. PEARSON, author of "The Cabin on the Prairie," &c. Illustrated. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

GOOD CHEER; the Christmas No. of "Good Words," and GOOD WORDS for January, 1871. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE MANUFACTURER AND BUILDER, for January, 1871. Published by Western & Co., 37 Park Row, New York.

THE TRANSATLANTIC. For February, 1871. Published by L. R. Hamersly & Co., 734 Sansom St., Philada.; and also for sale by W. S. Turner, Philada.

A TALE OF SIN. By JOHNNY LUDLOW. Published by L. R. Hamersly & Co.; and also for sale by W. S. Turner, Philada.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY. For February. Published by Scribner & Co., New York.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. For February. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

BIRTH AND EDUCATION. A Novel. By MARIE SOPHIE SCHWARTZ. Translated from the Swedish, by Selma Borg and Marie A. Brown. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; Lee, Shepard & Dillingham, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

HIDE AND SEEK. A Novel. By WILKIE COLLINS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

AMERICAN LITERARY GAZETTE AND PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR. Published by George W. Childs, Philada.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. For February. Published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

FOREIGN NEWS.

LONDON, Jan. 19, 3 A. M.—It is said the Duke of Mecklenburg is marching on Rennes via Mayenne, with the object of getting in the rear or flanking Chanzy's army.

A despatch from Versailles says Bourbaki on the 17th renewed the attack upon Werder's intrenched position south of Belfort, and was again repulsed with great loss, and commenced a retreat to the southward.

The bombardment of Paris continued on the 18th, with increasing strength.

All the members of the Diplomatic Corps remaining in Paris, with the exception of the American Minister, have applied for permission to withdraw, but their request has been refused.

Miss Mary Motley, daughter of the late United States Minister, was married, yesterday, at Frompton, in Dorsetshire, to Algernon Sheridan.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA AND THE POPE.—LONDON, Jan. 18.—It has become known, from the publication of official documents, that the Pope, in October last, communicated by telegraph with the King of Prussia, requesting his Majesty to secure his (the Pope's) departure from Rome with due honor, in case he should conclude to leave the city. King William replied affirmatively, and telegraped to King Victor Emmanuel to that effect.

The Foot and Mouth Disease.

This disease, which, though not generally directly fatal, often produces death by secondary action or its influence on other morbid symptoms, has, during the past year, caused great anxiety and loss of property in Great Britain and on the Continent. It has unfortunately made its appearance in this country, and farmers everywhere, more particularly upon the lines of through cattle traffic, should be on their guard, and upon the first indication of disease showing any of its symptoms, immediate information should be given to the proper authorities, that measures may be at once taken to prevent its spread. The disease is highly contagious, not only by contact with diseased animals, but also by contact with the discharges from the sores, and the contagion may be conveyed by the matter adhering to the clothes (especially the shoes) of persons attending diseased animals, and also by the matter in the dung and litter of animals; on which account there is special danger from the manure or dirt thrown out of cattle cars at stations or in motion.

The disease is also readily and frequently (perhaps most frequently) communicated by the discharges dropped upon the highways by sick cattle driven over them, and for this reason the first precaution to be taken, is to prevent the moving of cattle attacked by the disease. The disease sometimes affects the udders of cows, and during its course (whether symptoms of its affecting the udder or not appear) the milk should not be used as human food or given to any animals.

The disease is spreading to an alarming extent in some parts of New York and in Connecticut. Over one thousand cases are reported in Dutchess county, and in Queens county on Long Island it has made its appearance among the cows kept for furnishing milk for New York city. We believe, however, by prudent and active measures, it may be controlled, and think no groundless fears should possess the minds of our farmers. We have great faith in the sulphurous fumigation.—*Maine Farmer.*

☞ "I'm a 'tickler friend of yours," as the snuff said to the nose.

Dying by Poison.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE PENN.

"Is there any hope for him, sir?"

"Hope? Yes, my man, there is always hope. Now then, hold his head a little higher. That's right—steady!" And between my patient's set teeth I contrived to pour from a spoon a small quantity of a powerful stimulant, whose effect was almost magical, but at the same time strangely evanescent. For, in my capacity of surgeon of a Pennsylvania regiment, on service down South, I had had men brought in stricken down by a new enemy. Injuries by shot and shell, bayonet and sabre, and even the terrible stroke from galloping horses, I had dealt with daily, vainly struggling to combat the effects of the fearful butchery on all sides rife; but now that we had made a strategic movement, and were lying inactive, watching the opposite side, first one man and then another was brought in to the hospital-tent, from outlying posts in some sterile stony tract, to display nothing but two tiny punctures of the skin—now in the wrist, now in the leg; while one poor fellow had been lying down and displayed his wounds in the cheek.

Rattlesnake—the deadly crotalus—a foe most dangerous and dread, to come as it were suddenly in our midst, often, too, striking men without affording them an opportunity for taking revenge upon their crawling, insidious assailant; so that in the course of a few hours man shrank with blanched cheek from taking their turn in rifle-pit or earthwork—soldiers who would have gone out boldly to the encounter of some inimical regiment. The very knowledge of there being such a deadly plague in our midst sent a shudder through the whole brigade; and those who had been in the habit of throwing themselves down to rest in all *insouciance* were now to be seen turning over stones, searching and beating bushes about the tents, and starting like frightened children at every false alarm.

Twice over the venomous beast was brought in with the sufferer; and after attending to the stricken man's wants, I had gazed with considerable curiosity at the long, lithe, faintly-quivering, scaly body, whose crested head had contained so potent a philtre from Nature's laboratory, that a tiny drop in the veins of a stout man brought him in a very short space to the brink of death.

I was very successful, saving the lives of all three men by the same means—a powerful stimulus, whose strength counteracted the fatal prostration induced by the poison.

And now here was another—a fine, strong young fellow, sinking fast when he reached the tent, and only just able to tell how he had lain down, and then, at almost one and the same moment, heard the rattle and felt the sharp prick of the beast's fangs. I had a hard fight, the poison having obtained so strong a hold; but perseverance and science proved the victors in the end, and there were tears of gratitude in my patient's eyes as he took his leave.

That night, so serious was the panic amongst the men, that the general of brigade consulted with his brother officers concerning the choosing of fresh ground. But from the strength of our position this was negatived; and the next morning the men were encouraged to hunt out our reptile foes; the result being the exhibition of four large-sized rattlesnakes, whose career of danger to man had been brought to a conclusion.

There was no respite for me, though; before many hours had elapsed, an Irishman was led in, with a strap tightly fastened round one arm to arrest the spread of the poison, while his hand displayed the customary punctures, and the sufferer the usual symptoms of prostration. In this case, though, the effect of the stimulant exhibited was to lead the patient into a profound state of unconsciousness; which somewhat alarmed me, from its being a contrary effect to that usually produced—the power of the poison being such that a pint of strong whiskey did little more than revive the sufferer.

The Irishman was disabled, cured, the following morning; but two hours after, another poor fellow from his company was led in, crying and moaning like a child.

"Oh, docthor, docthor, dear!" he cried, "isn't it cruel to keep the boys here in such a nest of snakes? I'm kilt intirely wid one of the little poison bastes wid a rattletail, and it's such a small place ye can hardly see it. Wirrasthrue! why did I lave ould Ireland at all, at all? where there isn't a vinomous baste to come and devour a boy if he's iver so hungry."

"There, there! stop that bowling, my good fellow," I said, "and let me look."

"Is it bowling ye call it, docthor dear, whin the pison's running all through ye? But plase be a-lookin' at it before I'm kilt intirely. There, docthor dear, it's thim two small howls, just as if some one had brogged 'em in wid two pins. Oh, docthor dear, shall I die? shall I have to be berrid in the cowld airth widout bein' dacently waked? Ochone! why did I come out at all, at all?"

"There, confound it, man, be quiet!" I exclaimed; and then, with a little application of bandage and lancet, I gave the poor fellow the stimulant, which he seemed to gulp down as if it were so much water, until at last insensibility ensued; and I noted down in my little case-book that the effect of poison and antidote was different upon men of the Celtic race, and I lay down that night in my tent very quiet and thoughtful.

Not a single rattlesnake had been killed that day, in spite of the most energetic search; and I began to hope that the peril would soon be a thing of the past—the snakes fleeing from the presence of man; but the very next morning, directly after leaving the mess-tent, the colonel came to me himself, accompanying another Irishman from the same company.

"It will never do, Ellison," the colonel said; "I really cannot stand it. It is not just to the men. We must move; for there's a perfect panic amongst the poor fellows."

"Don't be uneasy," I said, assisting the stricken man into the hospital-tent; "I fancy the evil is nearly at an end. Here, hold this poor fellow up," I exclaimed to a couple of the dressers. "Now recon me that bottle. Quick, man; the poor fellow is fainting."

"Yes; for heaven's sake be quick!" cried the colonel, as his private gave a hollow groan.

"No, no, no!" I said to my *aide;* "not that bottle; there's another which I prepared this morning. That's right. No, never mind leaving the place. Now then; hold his head up a little higher. Does your throat feel constricted—swelled up—my man? Do you think you can swallow?"

"Shure, yis, yer honner, jist a little!"

"Drink that up, then, every drop," I said, placing in an assistant's hand a tin cup containing about a pint of the mixture I had made ready. "Now then—no flinching—every drop—not a drain left. Ah, would you! Hold his head!"

After the first taste the unfortunate patient shrank back; but with my help his head and nose were firmly held, and the whole pint of fluid poured down his throat; when with a howl resembling that of a wild-beast, he kicked out, sprang up, and then ran out of the tent, to the great astonishment of the colonel.

"What, turned homœopathist," he said, "giving poison to cure poison?"

"Oh dear no! That was only a preparation of aloes, jalap, and tartar emetic. I don't think he will want another dose."

"My dear Ellison, how can you doctors be so brutal and callous when a fellow-creature's life is at stake!"

"Cool, that, for a colonel of a thousand human butchers," I replied, laughing. 'You see, colonel, the fact of the matter is this: I've been tricked once too often. There were four genuine cases of snake-bite, which I successfully treated with whiskey; when the Hibernian element of the regiment approved so of the doctoring, and slammed so successfully, that I must confess to having been taken in. By the way, though, would you like the last taste of my Irish mixture?'

"Confound it, no!"

We had no more snake-bites after that.

Patchwork.

An exhibition of patchwork is now open in New York. The managers have issued an appeal to the wives and daughters of the country to contribute patched cast-off clothes for the destitute of the city, and have offered premiums to those who excel in the art of putting a patch on. More than 1,300 garments have been sent in for competition, and they represent the value of about $1,300. Nearly all the garments are of a woollen fabric and comprise a great variety of clothes for male and female wear. Eighteen ladies have been appointed to award the prizes, which were fifteen dollars, ten dollars, five dollars, and subscriptions to certain weekly journals. These were awarded to girls of any age under sixteen years. A second set of the same premiums were given to ladies of any age over sixteen years. The contributors numbered 458, and are from twenty-eight different states and territories. Several interesting specimens have been received, such as a pair of long stockings with one hundred holes darned, and a very good cloak marked as follows: "This cloak is made of four pairs of old pants, one old vest and two old coat linings. It is composed of sixty-eight pieces. I made it in two days, and it was worn for three years to public school, and I hope it will keep some other darling warm three years more. Mrs. McParker, Washington, Ind." It was awarded the first prize. The exhibition will be open to the public for three days, after which all the garments will be turned over to the Five Points Mission for distribution.

☞ In Napoleon, Ark., a man who had been guilty of not less than nine homicides, was elected constable by an overwhelming majority. They thought probably that such abilities should be enlisted in the cause of law and order.

☞ San Francisco is eating green peas, cucumbers, strawberries, fresh figs, asparagus, and green corn.

☞ No wonder a correspondent of the *Providence Journal* is eagerly anticipating a lecture on the stars from Maria Mitchell. After so much from the platform, however well said, about what women ought to be and do, it must be refreshing to hear a woman who is and has done something.

☞ The trial of the negro cadet Smith to ascertain if he did or did not lie in saying that Cadet Anderson trod upon his toes may be a dignified proceeding, and one necessary to the preservation of good order and military discipline, but to the civilian it appears to be utterly ridiculous. The idea of a court, composed of numerous stately officers in full uniform, sitting day after day to consider such a school-boyish affair, and investing it with all the ceremonious importance and rigid formality of a trial for murder is, to say the least, suggestive of laughter.

☞ Country editors are bothering their heads over the following problem:—If four dogs with 10 legs can catch 89 rabbits with 27, in 14 minutes, how many legs must the same rabbits have to get away from 8 dogs with 32 legs, in 17 minutes and a half, allowing 365 days in the year?

☞ Mark Twain says:—"I *have* seen slower people than I am—and more deliberate people than I am—and even quieter and more listless, and lazier people than I am. But they were dead."

☞ It is a remarkable fact that the first name drawn from the jury box in Stoughton, Mass., for the trial of Moran, the murderer, was that of Minot C. Packard, his victim.

☞ A Bostonian visiting England a short time ago, was inquired of in London "if the Indians in Boston worshipped at the same churches as the white residents?"

☞ An old card-playing dame, when reproved for her waste of time, replied, "Ah, true, there is a deal of time lost in shuffling the cards."

☞ There is not a little truth in a remark made by a late writer on "Fashions:"—"Elderly ladies can never appropriate toilets suitable only to youth without adding to their age to a degree of which it would be almost impossible to convince them; and, *vice versa*, young unmarried ladies, dressed in matronly robes and ornaments, lose the charm of elegant simplicity so becoming to them, and show a lamentable ignorance of the first and most immutable canon of good taste—suitability." The same is true in regard to other things besides absolute dress. It has often been remarked that an elderly person looks older with dyed hair than with the silver-threaded locks that nature gives with advancing age.

☞ A pretty American woman is doing hospital duty at Strasbourg. She wears a gray felt hat with a drooping white plume, a black tunic confined at the waist with a varnished leather belt and silver buckle, loose trowsers to the knee, and Hessian boots with gilt buttons.

☞ Christmas Telegram from John Bull, Esq., to the American President.—Grant U. S. peace.—*Punch.*

☞ The London Cosmopolitan proposes the following marriage vow for its lady readers, when occasion requires:—"I will continue to love my husband so long as he is lovable, honor him so long as he remains honorable, and obey him so long as his commands are just and reasonable."

Dickens's Characters.

Many of Dickens's best characters were drawn from life. Mrs. Bardell was a Mrs. Ann Ellis, who kept an eating-house near Doctors' Commons; Sergeant Bompass was the original of Sergeant Buzfuz; Mr. Fang, the truculent Bow street magistrate in "Oliver Twist," was a faithful portrait of Mr. Laing, a London police magistrate. "Oliver Twist" caused his removal. Traddles is said to have been Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd; Esther Summerson was Miss Sophia Iselin, sister-in-law of Edward Moxon, the publisher; Detective Bucket was Inspector Field, with whom Dickens was on pleasant terms. In "Dombey and Son" several characters are said to have been drawn from life. Mr. Dombey is supposed to represent Mr. Thomas Chapman, ship-owner, whose offices were opposite the Wooden Midshipman. As if to make Mr. Chapman undoubtedly identical with Dombey, we have, as messenger of the commercial house of "Dombey and Son," one Perch, actually taken from a funny little old chap named Stephen Hale, who was part clerk, part messenger, in Mr. Chapman's office. Old Sol Gills was intended for a little fellow named Norie, who kept a very small shop in Leadenhall street, exactly opposite the office of John Chapman & Co. Captain Cuttle was one David Mainland, master of a merchantman.

A Good English Custom.

There is one wholesome practice which prevails in England that must always startle an American when he witnesses it for the first time. It is that of coughing down a speaker who is becoming prosy. Accustomed to our own social timidity, that compels us patiently to endure the drooling of some diffusive bore through a long hour, one is astounded when a whole audience is taken with a violent catarrhal trouble, that makes such a clamor as to drown the speaker and force him to capitulate. On this occasion, after the British flag had been waved long enough, and over barbarous Abyssinia in particular, a certain Captain Somebody of the Navy kept on carrying it round the world, with a running talk on ships and naval reforms generally. A shot or two having no effect, he received a broadside which sunk him at once, and silence for a moment settled over him. The same fate awaited Mr. Tom Taylor, the dramatic writer. Having been for some years actively interested in the organization and drill of volunteer rifle companies, it fell to his lot to return thanks for the toast to the volunteers. Hearty cheers awarded his earlier remarks, which were pertinent and telling, but instead of wisely stopping, he diffused his critical observations over such a wide surface that he had to be admonished by a scathing fire. Heedless of this, he went on, all reason having apparently fled, and fatuously strove to withstand the tremendous volley which now assailed him. He staggered for an instant, and then dropped into his seat.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

Fish Culture.

The Commissioners of Fisheries of the state of New York have issued a circular, giving notice that they will furnish black bass, young bullheads or catfish, white bass and rock bass, roach, perch, sunfish and pike perch for stocking waters in any part of the state of New York, free of expense, to all persons who will send to the breeding establishment at Caledonia, N. Y. The notice says that descriptions of the character of the lakes, ponds and streams should be given, so that the Commissioners can judge which species of fish is best adapted to them. Seth Green, at Rochester, N. Y., the superintendant of the breeding establishment in New York, seems to have acquired great skill in the artificial culture of fish, as from the circular it appears that he can raise eight species from the eggs.

HUSBAND.—The derivation of this word is exceedingly beautiful. It is formed by the Saxon words hus and bond, meaning the bond of the house; and we find it spelled house-bond in some editions of the English Bible made since the discovery of the art of printing. It is a pity that its etymology has ever been changed, embodying as it does the beautiful idea that the husband is or should be the bond which unites his whole house or family in unity and love, encircling them all in his embrace as the objects of his special and tenderest care.

☞ The hunters of Siberia, when pressed by hunger, take two pieces of board, and placing one on the pit of the stomach and the other on the back, gradually draw together the ends, and thus allay, in some degree, the cravings of appetite. This is supposed to be a very economical kind of board.

☞ An English writer says there is real grandeur in the sombre enthusiasm of Gen. Trochu, who has never yet quailed and never uttered a sanguine word; but just worked and fought on, with grave, melancholy ardor.

☞ South Carolina gave over 44,000 volunteers to the Confederate armies during the first eighteen months of the war. Her voting population was about 68,000.

☞ WOMEN'S VOTES.—Mr. Ruskin having been written to on his views as to woman suffrage, replies:—"So far from wishing to give votes to women, I would fain take them away from most men."

☞ A gourmand, writing from Paris, complains that they have plenty of sorties, but no entrees. But when the Prussian entries come, probably he will not be satisfied.

☞ The oldest practising physician in America resides in Tenmouth, Vermont—a Dr. T. C. Clark, who is 98 years old, has practiced continuously for 66 years, is hale and hearty, and has no thought of giving up business *yet.*

☞ A lady of Lenox, Mass., of high pretensions, but scanty realizations, on visiting the house of a friend who possessed a piano, naively inquired, "Has your piano an octave? My daughter's has one!"

☞ The stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires, is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.

☞ While the eastern states are having a water famine, some portions of the Pacific states are suffering from a winter flood.

☞ A good deacon, who was naturally a high-tempered man, had been used to beat his oxen over the head, as all his neighbors did. It was observed that when he became a Christian his cattle were remarkably docile. A friend inquired into the secret. "Why," said the deacon, "formerly when my oxen were a little contrary, I flew into a passion and beat them unmercifully.—This made the matter worse. Now, when they do not behave well, I go down behind the load, sit down, and sing Old Hundred. I don't know how it is, but the psalm-tune has a surprising effect upon my oxen."

☞ It is reported that the feeling in Alsace increases in bitterness against the Prussians. Many of the women have put on mourning—not for slain relatives, but for the national humiliation. Some, it is said, have vowed never to quit their rooms while the Prussians remain in Strasbourg. The fashionable streets there, once exceedingly bright and gay, are now deserted. On the Promenade de Broglie a Prussian band plays daily, but no one comes to listen. When the German soldiers tramp by, children run out to hoot after them and to chant the "Marseillaise." The men, it is declared, have even given up their Alsatian *patois* and speak only French.

☞ Congress has legislated all the Revenue out of the Income Tax, and we are startled by the statement of the new Commissioner of Internal Revenue that it actually costs more to collect that iniquitous levy than it returns to the Treasury. This argument ought to satisfy those who still demand its unconstitutional imposition.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

☞ Early in life, Peter Cooper broke down in three different kinds of business, and then tried the manufacture of glue. That stuck, and he became rich.

☞ The introduction of colored children into the white schools of New Orleans was begun recently, and was productive of much ill feeling.

☞ In Sheffield, Vt., on the farm owned by William Gray, there is a large granite boulder, lying apparently on the surface, on the top of which is a spherical excavation constantly filled with water, even in the driest time this summer, with no visible inlet. What makes it more curious is the fact that it never was known to run over, but is always full. Mr. Gray says that the water has been dipped out, and it immediately regained its usual fullness, without any rain.

☞ The railroad track across the plains bothers the buffaloes. They consider it a snare, and will not cross it. They run along the track for miles, and when they come to a culvert dive under.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—14,000 bbls sold at prices from $4,75@5 for superfine; $5@6 for extra, $6,25@6,75 for Penna extra family; $6,25@7,50 for Northwest extra family; $6,75@7,50 for Indiana and Ohio family, and $7,50@8,50 ₱ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour sells at $5,12½@5,25 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat—30,000 bus sold at $1,55@1,60 for Indiana red; $1,40@1,50 for Penna red; $1,40@1,55 for Ohio red; $1,50 for No. 1 spring; $1,40@1,45 for Delaware red. Rye—Sales of 1000 bus at 99@99c ₱ bus. Corn—Sales of 50,000 bus at 75@76c for yellow, 75@76c for Western mixed, and 75@77c ₱ bus for white. Oats—sales of 40,000 bus at 57@58c for mixed, and 59@60c ₱ bus for white.

PROVISIONS—Sales of new mess Pork at $21@22; clear at $23, and extra prime at $17@17,50. Mess Beef at $20,50@22 ₱ bbl for city packed extra mess. Beef Hams may be quoted at $30 ₱ bbl. Bacon—Sales of sugar-cured city smoked hams at 16@18c; Excelsior hams at 18c; sides at 12c, and shoulders at 10½c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 13@13½c; sides at 10c, and shoulders, in salt, at 8½@9c Lard—Sales of 500 bbls and tierces at 12½c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of inferior packed at 13@17c; Penna store packed at 19@24c, and roll at 30@32c ₱ lb. Eggs sell at 33@35c ₱ dozen. Cheese sells at 13@13½c ₱ lb.

COTTON—1000 bales of middlings sold at 15½c ₱ lb for upland and 15½@16c ₱ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—No. 1 Quercitron sold at $30 ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark ranges from $18@22 ₱ cord for Chestnut and Spanish Oak.

BEESWAX sells at 32@33c ₱ lb for yellow.

FRUIT—Dried Apples and Peaches—Sales at 3@7½c for Apples, and 9@9½c ₱ lb for half Peaches. Green Apples sell at $1,50@3,50 ₱ bbl. Cranberries sell at $14@16 ₱ bbl.

IRON—Pig Iron—We quote No 1 at $31; 1200 tons of No 2 sold at $29. Bar Iron sells at $71@75 ₱ ton. Scotch Pig sells at $32 ₱ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed—1000 bus sold, at 10½@11c ₱ lb. Timothy is quoted at $5@5,25. Flaxseed at $2@2,10.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1761 head. The prices realized from 4@8½ cts ₱ lb. 130 Cows brought from $45 to 65 ₱ head. Sheep—1800 head were disposed of at from 5@6c ₱ lb. 4000 Hogs sold at from $8 to $9,75 ₱ 100 lbs.

Interesting to Ladies.

"For more than twelve years a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine has been in constant use in my family, and it has given complete satisfaction. My wife considers it invaluable in the family, as by it all kinds of work can be done, the finest fabrics, as well as the coarsest, with equal facility. After long experience of its excellencies, we cordially recommend it to our friends as an almost indispensable article, that in a few years will more than pay its cost."

JOSEPH CASTLE, P. E.
Central Philadelphia District of the M. E. Church

Want of Sleep.

Opium or morphine is usually prescribed as a soporific. Both are violent remedies, and re-act violently; producing nausea, headache and prostration. They are often given when they are not needed; and not unfrequently they increase the irritation of the brain instead of soothing it. Probably in seventy-five cases out of a hundred in which they are administered, PLANTATION BITTERS given in moderate doses and at proper intervals, would have the desired effect. Persons who find it difficult to compose their minds to sleep after lying down at night, or whose slumbers are disturbed by bad dreams, or are too brief to afford due nourishment, are advised to try the PLANTATION BITTERS as an anodyne; for this comprehensive medicine is not only a tonic and alterative, but a delightful sedative—a "balm of hurt minds" as well as a revivifier of enfeebled frames.

Its use, as a means of producing healthful sleep, involves none of the unpleasant secondary consequences of a resort to the former narcotics. They all, without exception, excite the stomach; while the effect of the Bitters is to tone, and without irritating that sensitive organ.

SEA MOSS FARINE from pure Irish Moss, for blanc mange, puddings, custards, creams, &c., &c. The cheapest, healthiest, and most delicious food in the world.

PSYCHOMANCY.—Any lady or gentleman can make $1,000 a month, secure their own happiness and independence, by obtaining PSYCHOMANCY, FASCINATION, or SOUL CHARMING. 440 pages; cloth. Full instructions to use this power over man or animals at will; how to Mesmerize, become Tranced or Writing Mediums, Divination, Spiritualism, Alchemy, Philosophy of Omens and Dreams, Brigham Young's Harem, Guide to Marriage, &c., all contained in this book; 100,000 sold; price by mail, in cloth $1.25, paper covers $1. Notice.—Any person willing to act as agent will receive a sample copy of the work free. As no capital is required, all desirous of genteel employment should send for the book, enclosing 10 cts. for postage, to T. W. EVANS & CO., 41 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

nov19-6teow.

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES AND TAN,

use *PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.* It is reliable and harmless. Sold by druggists everywhere. Depot, 49 Bond st., New York.

jan7-3m

PIMPLES ON THE FACE.

For Pimply Eruptions, Black Heads, Flesh Worms, or Grubs, and Blotched Disfigurations on the Face, use *PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY.* Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by druggists everywhere.

Wholesale in Philadelphia by JOHNSON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN, 602 Arch St. jan7-3m

HEALTH! BEAUTY!!

STRONG, PURE AND RICH BLOOD, INCREASE OF FLESH AND WEIGHT, CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT HAS MADE THE MOST ASTONISHING CURES.

SO QUICK, SO RAPID ARE THE CHANGES THE BODY UNDERGOES UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THIS TRULY WONDERFUL MEDICINE, THAT EVERY DAY AN INCREASE IN FLESH AND WEIGHT IS SEEN AND FELT.

Scrofula, Consumption,
Glandular Disease,
Ulcers in the Throat and Mouth,
Tumors, Nodes in the Glands,
And other parts of the system,
Sore Eyes,
Strumous diseases of the Eyes, Nose, Mouth.

And the worst forms of Skin Diseases,
Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head,
Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas,
Acne, Black Spots,
Worms in the Flesh, Tumors,
Cancers in the Womb,
And all Kidney, Bladder, Urinary and

Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes,
Dropsy, Stoppage of Water,
Incontinence of Urine,
Bright's Disease,
Weakness and Painful Discharges,
Night Sweats,
Are within the curative range of

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,

and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease, its potent power to cure them.

ONE DOLLAR A BOTTLE.

Principal office 87 Maiden Lane, New York.
Sold by Druggists. oct1-tf

Spread the Truth.

Some medical men insist that it is undignified to advertise a remedy, however valuable it may be. Queer reasoning this. It is like saying that an article which the world needs should be hid in a corner—that benefits and blessings may be too widely diffused—that the means of protecting and restoring health should be a close monopoly, and not accessible to all. The argument is bad. It is worse than that; it is *inhuman.* Suppose HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS—an absolute specific for dyspepsia, biliousness and nervous debility—had never been known beyond the *repertoire* of the faculty, what would have been the consequence? Instead of curing and invigorating millions, the good effects of the preparation would have been confined to a comparative few. There is the highest authority for saying that light should not be hid under a bushel; that whatever is excellent should be placed as a city on a hill, where all men can take cognizance of it. It is upon this principle that the Bitters have been advertised and continue to be advertised in every newspaper of any prominence in the western hemisphere, and that the spontaneous testimonials in its favor have been translated into all written languages. Thousands enjoy perfect health to-day who would be languishing on beds of sickness if the newspapers had not *spread the truth with regard to this unequalled invigorant and corrective far* and wide. Suppose proof *has* been heaped from this publicity. Is *that* any argument against it? If the public health has been protected; if lives have been saved; if the feeble have been strengthened and the sick restored, *great good has been accomplished;* and who so mean as to grudge to exertions thus directed their fair reward? jan7-1m

Unnatural Redness

Of the Nose or Face imparts unsightliness to the most beautiful countenance. This annoying personal affliction is positively cured by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Send for circular. jan14-tf

To Cure a Cough, Cold or Sore Throat, use *BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.* nov26-6m

Consumption

☞ CAN BE CURED BY LIEBIG'S LIFE CURE

Sample package and treatise free.

Address, Dr. T. F. BURT, 727 Sixth Avenue, New York. jan21-12t

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP

One Pound of Crampton's Imperial Laundry Soap will make twelve quarts of Handsome Soft Soap. Ask your Grocer for it and Try it. CRAMPTON BROTHERS, 84 Front St., New York.

oct1-tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 19th instant, by the Rev. V. D. Reed, D. D., Mr. GEORGE H. REEVES, of Chicago, Ill., to Miss GEORGE H., daughter of R. F. Bancroft, Esq., of Camden, N. J.

On December 22d, 1870, by the Rev. THOMAS Swayne, D. D., Mr. SAMUEL C. LIPPINCOTT to Miss SALLY VAN DYKE, both of this city.

On October 25, 1870, by the Hon. Daniel M. Fox, Mayor, Mr. J. HUGH SCATTERGOOD to Miss KATIE HEILIG, both of this city.

On the 8th of December, 1870, by the Rev. Dr. Blackwood, Mr. ALEXANDER D. LOVE to Miss ELIZABETH C. WATERHOW, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Blackwood, Mr. JOHN DUNBAR to Miss ELIZABETH PATERSON, both of this city.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. Samuel Lucas, JOHN H. PRUE to Miss SALLIE J. LEWIS, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. William Calhoun, Mr. CHARLES T. STEWART to Miss MARY S. STINEBY, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 11th instant, Rev. JAMES HAND, in the 63d year of his age.

On the 11th instant, Mr. JOSEPH A. CAMPBELL, in the 39th year of his age.

On the 9th instant, JAMES HAMILTON, in the 86th year of her age.

On the 14th instant, Dr. WILLIAM P. CUMMINGS, in the 68th year of his age.

On the 11th instant, Mrs. ISABELLA KELLY, aged 84 years.

On the 18th instant, ANN LOVE, in the 79th year of her age.

On the 11th instant, WILLIAM SANDERSON, Jr., aged 40 years.

On the 12th instant, Mrs. SARAH HUNTLEY, aged 74 years.

On the 13th instant, JOSEPH F. GUREN, in the 23d year of his age.

On the 10th instant, Mr. DAVID F. CONKLIN, in the 65th year of his age.

THE COMING YEAR.

We may note especially among our arrangements for the coming year, a new story called

DENE HOLLOW

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Bessy Rane," &c.

We may add that it is always the aim of Mrs. Wood, in her stories, to combine a high degree of interest with the inculcation of some moral lesson. And it is this which renders her stories such favorites with the great majority of readers.

We commenced in THE POST of Jan. 7th, a

STORY OF ADVENTURE

By GUSTAVE AIMARD, author of "The Queen of the Savannah," "Last of the Incas," &c.

Aimard writes a stirring story, full of thrilling incidents by flood and field, of hair-breadth escapes, &c., in which both his heroes and his heroines take part.

In addition to these, of course, we shall give a succession of other stories, both original and selected, of the usual excellent quality.

But the desire of THE POST is always to combine instruction with amusement, solid intellectual meats and bread and potatoes with its pies, preserves and puddings. We aim also to give, therefore, during the coming year,

INSTRUCTIVE ARTICLES

on a great variety of subjects, original, and selected from all quarters. We should be sorry to have our readers say that they had perused a single number of THE POST without being wiser in some respect than they were before.

THREE MONTHS GRATIS.

We are still able to offer all *NEW* subscribers

3 MONTHS FOR NOTHING,

beginning their subscriptions for 1871 with the paper of October 8th, which contains the beginning of LEONIN'S MYSTERY, by Frank Lee Benedict. This is

THIRTEEN PAPERS

IN ADDITION to the regular weekly numbers for 1871, or

FIFTEEN MONTHS IN ALL!

WE HAVE A GOODLY SUPPLY OF BACK NUMBERS STILL ON HAND.

This offer applies to all NEW subscribers, single or in clubs. See our low Terms on the second page of this paper.

Hemlock Wood Proof Against Rats.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Medical and Surgical Reporter says:—

"Being surrounded by these animals, I found it necessary to keep fruits, butter, cheese and other articles in boxes made of hemlock (*Abies Canadensis.*) In these boxes I could keep the most toothsome delicacies in the cellar with impunity, even though the box afforded free ventilation, which, in many cases, is highly necessary.

"To test the matter still further, I made a box of dry hemlock boards, perforating each end of the box with a 7-8 inch circular hole. Into this box I put a large healthy rat, caught in a hemispherical wire trap, nailed it up securely, put it in a dark, quiet place, and awaited the result.

"On inspection, at the end of twenty-four hours, I found he had scarcely more than touched the wood. I returned the box leaving the rat to his cogitations, which born of the dilemma to choose.

"At the end of forty-eight hours I made him another visit. He had evidently come to the conclusion that remaining inactive was to strand upon Scylla, while the effort to buy his liberty could do no worse than wreck him upon Charybdis. He had enlarged the hole sufficiently to get his head out, in which condition I found and dispatched him on the third morning of his incarceration."

Fifteen Cent Dinners.

The mystery of New York eating-houses has been solved by the Star. The problem which has puzzled so many promiscuous diners and luncheers, who find wherewith to satisfy appetites at one place for a dollar and a half, and at another the same food for fifteen cents, is no sooner perceived than its solution is attempted and secured. There are five men, according to this investigator, whose business is to sell second-hand provisions to the ten-cent restaurants. They employ an army of forlorn creatures to beg "cold victuals" from charitable housekeepers all over the city.

They have other agents who secure the remnants of party suppers, club dinners, and other large entertainments. These titbits and refuse are carted off in huge hampers, sorted and sold to be transformed into dishes with popular or foreign names, whose hungry consummers acknowledge the mystery of such economy, but never dream of the secret of the alchemy of the restaurant kitchen. This explanation is not appetizing. Even the operators themselves, with a deference to prejudice, style themselves "jewellers," and know a fragment of fowl as "a pearl," a mangled rib of beef as a "ruby," etc. Indeed, it may be questioned whether it is not, in this case, folly to be wise for the blissfully ignorant public of New York.

☞ The last place to curtail expenses—The family newspaper.

AMY AT THE WINDOW.

Get you gone, O Day, so dreary!
Creep into the arms of Night!
And these scenes of wasted beauty
Let the darkness seal from sight.
Falls the rain in dirge-like cadence;
Chants the wind a woeful rhyme;
And such bitter, bitter memories
Haunt the sombre winter time!

Vain! I cannot any longer
Put away the thoughts that rise;
I have battled long and bravely—
I have worn a proud disguise.
But to-night my heart is weary,
And my courage ebbs away
With the tears that gush so hotly—
Ah! I kept them back to-day.

And it makes me weak to listen
To the far-off river's moan;
And my pain is always sharpest
When I find myself alone.
Awful is this gulf of silence
Stretching 'twixt your life and mine—
Let me fall and die beside it,
Rather than live on and pine!

And I lift my soul in pleading,
Oh, so passionate and deep!
God! if I could only cross it,
On your neck to fall and weep!
And I kneel and send my moaning
Feebly to the further shore,
Feeling that it will not reach you—
Feeling you are mine no more!

Yet, oh, lost one! I forgive you
Those last, cruel, crushing words—
I could kiss the hand that rudely
Struck my spirit's quivering chords.
I forgive you all my anguish,
All these weary nights of woe,
And the bleakness of my Future,
All because—I love you so.

But I never, never wronged you—
Never was in thought untrue;
All my holiest, highest heart-throbs,
And the inmost, were for you.
When they leave me cold and silent,
When this passionate pain is past,
You will know how much I loved you—
Know me loyal to the last!

A Gallop for Life.

[SEE ENGRAVING ON FIRST PAGE.]

When our vessel was lying in harbor at Monte Video, I accepted an invitation from an English settler—who had been one of the first to substitute sheep-farming on a large scale for the cattle-breeding which had hitherto been almost the only occupation of the natives of the country—to visit his place in the interior. He owned stations in various parts, but his principal homestead was on the Rio Negro.

It had been a very dry season, but rain had just commenced to fall—and in time to prevent terrible loss and suffering. This circumstance led us to talk of the droughts to which those countries are at times liable; and, recalling the mention made in Mr. Darwin's Travels (which I had been lately reading), of the celebrated dry season, known as "el gran seco," or the great drought, when cattle in thousands rushed into the river and perished, I asked my host, who was a man past fifty, if he had been in Banda Oriental then. We were, at the time I put the question, riding along the bank of the Plata, not far from the junction of the Uruguay with it: for we were going first to Colonia. As the reader is doubtless aware, La Plata is, even when fifty miles from the sea, a stream of many miles in width, although shallow, comparatively; and thus more resembles an inland lake than a river. The bank or shore just there made a great semicircular bend, forming a promontory projecting into the stream. This, like all the rest of the country, was a treeless, rolling plain, or prairie, but not nearly so level as that on the south, or Buenos Ayres side of the river. Cliffs or steep banks of fifty or sixty feet terminated it; and a broad margin extended between the foot of these and the now shrunken waters of the river.

"You could not have put that question in a more fitting place," he replied; "for it was in this bend of the river that a circumstance happened which, long as it is ago, will never allow me to forget the great drought. Do you see those white specks and patches, here and there, between the present edge of the river and the cliffs? Ride a little nearer, and look along the foot of the rocks. See those white spots! Those are bones, the remains of innumerable cattle, who were rushed madly to their deaths. My own bones had nearly found a similar resting-place, and farther on those of my horse are buried beneath them. The floods of thirty or more years have silted and nearly covered them over. Who knows? Perhaps the geologists of future ages may puzzle their brains to account for their presence amongst the armadilloes and mastodons, and other extinct species! I will tell you how it happened, and what a narrow escape I had of being made a fossil myself—as well as my horse.

"I was then a lad of sixteen or seventeen, and had only recently joined my uncle, who was a merchant in Monte Video. It was he who bought the place I now live in, and being a childless widower, he sent to Scotland for me. I had only been about a year with him when what I am going to relate befell us.

"He had retired from business, and had already commenced the pursuit I have since followed up so extensively—that is, he had purchased and imported a number of sheep, when the drought—called by the people here, to distinguish it from the others of less intensity, 'el gran seco'—visited the country. All the smaller rivers were either dried up or else rendered so salt as to be useless—you know the soil all over these plains, particularly on the south side of La Plata, is impregnated with nitrate of soda—and the larger ones themselves terribly diminished. Nearly the whole of the back country was at last deserted, and every one endeavored to save some of his stock, by migrating to the main streams, where still some trifle of herbage could be found here and there. We were better off than the rest, being on a 'rincon,' that is, a place nearly enclosed by a bend of the channel, while a deep back water running through the other part almost made it into an island, and we managed by incessant care and watchfulness to prevent being invaded and overrun by the starving cattle which came straying in thousands from all parts.

"The few sheep we then had were stationed at the place we shall sleep at to-night; but as the feed there began to fail, we were obliged to bring them to the main homestead, which was then on this river. I was engaged on this service, and I had a lad with me, the son of one of our gauchos,* who had also accompanied us to the end of our first day's journey; but he had then left us to ride back again for some purpose or other, promising to overtake us next morning, by the time we had gone a mile or two with the flock, which only mustered some eight hundred; but they were choice sheep, amongst them all those imported at so much care and expense.

"I had watched during the first half of the night, and the boy had risen to take my place. It was a beautiful moonlight night, I remember, and nearly as light as day, when I was suddenly roused by the voice of Iago, my companion. He had rushed to the horses, which we had kept tethered by their lasso lest they should stray for feed. The sheep were lying peacefully enough grouped in a hollow; and seeing they were all right, and being still not half awake, I peevishly demanded what he meant by disturbing me. He put the horse's bridle in my hand, and merely said, 'Listen!' and then hastened to snatch up and arrange the different materials of my waddle, which also constitute the bed on which the gaucho sleeps. And now indeed I observed that the horses were in a state of great excitement, and on the night breeze there rose a sound which, when Iago explained the cause, made me hasten to help him in arranging matters for instant flight. It was a roaring, thundering, though as yet distant, noise which my companion said proceeded from a countless number of wild cattle, which, maddened by thirst, were rushing down from the parched interior districts to the river.

"'There must be many—many thousands of them. Father told me before he went to be watchful, for the old gauchos have been expecting and foretelling that some such thing must soon happen. Hasten, Don Charles! What are you going to do?'

"'I was going to rouse the sheep, and drive them before us; but the boy insisted that this would only insure our own destruction, and would be useless besides.

"'The river is five miles from here, and the flock will be overtaken before we have got one-third that distance; and we ourselves shall not be safe even there unless we reach one spot alone, and that is still farther. Come away at once, or you will perish!'

"But I was determined not to sacrifice my uncle's cherished stock without an effort at least to save them. The truth is, I did not realize the extreme danger of our position. Once on my horse, I thought I was safe enough, and could at the last moment, simply by galloping off, save myself. I did not know that the thundering sound which every moment rose louder and louder, and above which could now be heard the hoarse bellowings of innumerable maddened creatures, proceeded from a body of cattle, the front ranks of which reached right across the great bend of the stream; and that for miles to our right and left the infuriated herd extended, hemming us in, so that there was no other resource but flight to the river. I tried to get the sheep into a run, but with the proverbial stupidity of their kind they took my efforts in very bad part, and would not hurry themselves. Many valuable minutes were thus lost, during which the boy Iago, at other times taciturn enough, stormed angrily at my folly, and at last threatened to set off without me. The sound of the onset of the approaching herd at that moment became so distinct that I began to think it advisable to do as he wished, and off we set at full speed, leaving the sheep to their fate.

"Before we had ridden a couple of miles, however, we saw a horseman coming obliquely to the direction of the advancing herd. It was Iago's father in search of us, for he had heard of the inroad of advanced parties of the wild cattle, and had set off to rejoin us instantly, but had been repeatedly obliged to make circuits to avoid detached bodies of them. He had in consequence lost all idea of his exact locality on the plains, but with the skill, which amounts almost to instinct, of the old gaucho, he had found his way to the neighborhood of the spot at last. But the part we were making for across the river was, he said, already filled with countless beasts; and, indeed, the thunder of the tramping of their myriad hoofs on the baked soil was audible ahead of us. Without a moment's hesitation, however, the old man, putting spurs to his horse, called on us to follow him.

"What a ride that was! We were obliged to keep nearly parallel with the advancing host, which we at last came so near, that the forest of tossing horns, gleaming in the moonlight through the clouds of dust, became plainly visible. But we were rapidly nearing the river. So close was the race, however, that, as we descended the bank, the part of the advancing line which was nearest to it, reached it at the same moment.

"Those had descended the bank at an accessible place—almost the only one for miles where a horseman could gallop down. Only fancy the scene then as we tore furiously down the border of the stream to reach the spot the old gaucho was making for! On our left were either cliffs or very steep banks, down which soon came roaring, tumbling, and crashing on to the granite bed below the bodies of all the front ranks. In hundreds, and soon in thousands, the helpless creatures, pushed on by the maddened myriads behind, fell in one living cataract, and their outcries, as they lay with their limbs fractured, and as fresh victims still in one incessant stream poured down on them, were awful to hear.

"Approaching the river in a bend as they did, the two ends of the advancing line reached it first, the rest being yet at a distance, so that, as we galloped on, this living cataract at first accompanied us. Soon, however, we shot ahead, and reached the spot the old man was striving to make. We did so only a few minutes before the advancing tide of life, about to pour down it, had reached the same place.

"Here the cliffs were some fifty or sixty feet high, and in some places overhanging. Jumping off his horse, and leaving him to his own instincts to preserve himself if he could, the gaucho hastily scrambled up the rocks, and we followed his example. Not far from the summit was a ledge of rock, projecting from which grew a cotton-tree. It was a kind of shallow cave, and we had hardly reached its shelter when the tramp of the hoofs above shook the granite rocks whereon we lay; and presently the horrible scene I have just described was here re-enacted on a more awful scale. And there we crouched, watching the stream of living creatures falling down in front and on both sides of us, until the space below was one vast scene of mangled remains. Those which reached it unhurt rushed to the river only to perish in the soft broad margin of clay, in which they were bogged and smothered in immense numbers. Altogether the gauchos computed that there were probably not far from eight or ten thousand head perished on that night. The frenzy of thirst which impelled them was such, and the scent of the water appeared to render them so ungovernable, that numbers seemed to me to make no pause whatever, but leaped into the valley below, as if unconscious of the descent before them.

"There had been a hut on the plain, not far from the edge of the cliffs, on the preceding evening, but its two inhabitants had, with their child, been surprised in their sleep, its clay walls had given way under the pressure, and we found their remains—or rather the fragments of them—trodden out of all human semblance, lying amidst the ruins."

*Literally, "countrymen," the men who have charge of the herds of cattle in the republics of La Plata. In Chili they are termed "guasos," and are agriculturists as well as herdsmen.

Popular Fallacies.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

Popular savants are not, any more than popular novelists, free from the charge of sensationalism, the desire to awaken public interest often leading them into hasty statements, which yield a wrong impression.

Thus the old and ever surprising fact of the world of animalculæ in a drop of water is sufficiently interesting in itself, without need of giving the impression that the thickly inhabited drop shown under the microscope is a fair sample of ordinary water. The story is often told of the Hindoo, who being shown the mystery of such a drop, declared that he could never drink water again, his religion forbidding the destruction of animal life.

Yet we need not fear that in drinking pure, clear, running water we are quaffing our myriads of living beings. This is not the kind of fluid that holds its tens of millions to the drop. The water displayed under the microscope is taken from some stagnant pool, whose animate germs have been developed by the summer sun into countless living creatures, or is specially prepared by having steeped in it decaying organic matter. Yet the public imagines that water generally is in this lively condition, and believes that if our eyes had microscopic power we would be horrified, in raising the cup of clear water to our lips, by the sight of innumerable miniature monsters.

Another instance of this desire to make a sensational point is seen in Prof. Tyndale's recent statements in regard to the matter floating in the atmosphere. It is well known that the air is full of small particles of floating matter. This matter is visible in the bright line formed when a ray of light is admitted into a darkened room. Were the air perfectly clear the light would only be visible by reflection from the surface on which it fell. But in its passage through the air it is reflected from innumerable minute particles to our eyes, so that the whole course of the ray is visible as a shining column. Tyndale tried every means to strain the air of these particles, even by causing it to pass through liquid acid; but without effect. Only by heat was he able to clear the air, thus proving that the substance was combustible organic matter.

He found on breathing into such a column that the inspiring breath cut a blank space in it, the matter breathed in being only partly replaced by expiration. A portion of this matter thus remaining in the body with every breath, considerable quantities of it must in time invade the air passages.

The organic matter thus present in the air he supposes to consist, partly at least, of the spores of microscopic vegetation. Now it is supposed that many epidemic diseases, such as the Yellow and Typhus Fevers, Cholera, &c., are produced by the growth of fungoid plants in the system, the germs of these plants affecting the air in infected districts. He leaves us to conclude from these premises that common air is unhealthy, that disease is engendered by the mere process of breathing, the lungs being filled with death-dealing germs from the air.

True, such results may possibly appear in special cases, yet the idea he gives us that the act of breathing places us in constant danger, and that the system is constantly exercised in warding off the attacks of these deadly spores, which danger might be obviated by breathing purified air, is certainly erroneous.

Animals and plants are creatures of habit both physically and mentally. The principle of adaptation is constantly at work in adapting the human frame to external conditions. The living in cities does not so greatly vary these conditions, for the air of fields and woods must be full of organic matter. Must we not believe that the pulmonary organs have long since adapted themselves to this condition of the air, fallen into habits which have become necessary conditions? To breathe purified air would be to subject the air passages to conditions which they have never experienced, and are unfitted to sustain. Such a state of the air then would certainly be much more unhealthy to the present condition of the human system, than to breathe air loaded with organic matter to which the lungs have become accustomed. May not the unwholesomeness of rooms warmed with hot air partly result from the combustion of this matter and the partial purification of the air?

IT is reported—though we don't believe it—that in a fashionable boarding-house in Twenty-first Street, the following "Notice to Boarders" is furnished to every inmate: "The gentleman must not put his feet on the mantle in winter, nor out of the window in summer; and the lady must not write her name on the glass with a quarts pin. The single gentleman must not play the trombone, nor make love to the servants, nor comb his whiskers at the table. If he does, he won't answer. The lady must not turn up her nose at everything on the table, unless she has a natural pug; and none of the party must drink or talk with a mouthful of victuals—nor must they fight for the top buckwheat cake. Terms liberal; board paid weekly in advance."

☞ In Belgium rats are being eaten, not from necessity, but in order to follow the Parisian fashion—such a ruling passion has imitation of the Parisians become. A rat supper recently occurred in Tournay, and the guests were so much delighted that another is soon to come off. Rat with mushrooms is said to be delicious.

THE SECRETS OF THE HEART.

Guess, what countless pebbles lie
In the rushing river;
Guess, upon how many buds
May's first sunbeams quiver;
Guess, what words the nightingale
Sings in woods apart.
'Twere easier than divining them,
The secrets of the heart.

Why, at careless word or phrase,
Eyes may flash or fill;
Why a lily or a rose
Seem a sign of ill;
Why at some familiar name,
Sudden shrink or start;
Do not try to fathom them,
The secrets of the heart.

Why a merry tune may bring
Hidden weeping after;
Why a mournful air may make
Plea for happy laughter;
Why one common day may be
Sadly held apart,
And another kept a feast,
By the secret heart.

Why some paths untrodden still
By the wandering feet;
Why a strange enchantment hangs
Round some woodland seat;
Why some book unopened lies;
Why some favorite art
Left neglected, owns the sway
Of the secret heart.

All these little marvels lie
Hallowed from the touch;
Do not press upon their source,
Eager over much.
Girl from lover, friend from friend,
Something holds apart;
Child from parent sacred keeps
The secrets of the heart.

Look on them as holy things,
Turn the gaze away,
Strive not thou to force the clue
To the glare of day.
Glad, and frank, and bold, and proud
However'r thou art,
One day thou also shalt know
The secrets of the heart.

GRANDMAMMA'S STORY.

The crimson curtains were closely drawn, the bright fire leaped and crackled in the grate, when the children, whose merry voices woke the echoes of Woodford Grange, clustered round grandmamma's arm-chair and petitioned for a story.

"Grandma," whispered little Jessie, sliding her tiny fingers into the old lady's hand, "tell us a story of *when you were young.*"

Grandmamma smiled thoughtfully, passed her hand over the child's sunny hair, and then said, "If that would please you best, little one, I will tell you of an adventure which befell me when I was a self-willed little girl of twelve, staying for the first time with my Uncle Richard in Ireland."

There was a little stir and rustle as grandmamma said this; for the word "adventure" had a pleasant and withal an imposing sound; then all were silent as mice.

"It was on my twelfth birthday," began grandmamma, "that I received an invitation from my Uncle Richard to spend the summer holidays at Castle Connor. I smile now when I think of the excitement into which this invitation threw me. I could think, speak, dream of nothing else; and I really believe there was not one in the house, from my gentle mother to the nursery maid, who did not rejoice when I was fairly started on my journey, so weary were they of the oft-recurring theme. A suitable travelling companion was found, who readily engaged to take charge of me as far as Dublin, from whence I was to proceed alone.

"It was late when I reached my uncle's house, but even dimly seen through the darkening shadows, I could perceive that it was by no means so stately an edifice as I had imagined, though I had neither sufficient light nor time to observe very closely. Scarcely had the carriage stopped when the hall door opened, and my aunt's tall figure and comely face made their appearance, followed by a merry tribe of boys and girls, eager to welcome me. She received me with such a warm, motherly embrace, and gave me such a cordial welcome, that I felt at home with her at once.

"The house was full; for, besides my uncle's children, there were a great number of cousins more or less distantly related, and a college friend of my Cousin Alick named Colquhoun. Every one was very kind to me, but I was tired with my journey, the change from the almost total darkness without to the brilliantly-lighted drawing-room made my head ache, and I was thankful when my aunt proposed that I should retire at an early hour to the room which I was to share with my Cousin Annie.

"I awoke the next morning without a trace of the previous night's fatigue, and lost no time in commencing my observations. Alas! the magnificent anticipations in which I had indulged were doomed to disappointment. The room in which I had slept, though sufficiently large and even lofty, was provokingly modern; the windows, though charmingly pretty with the fragrant roses climbing round and peeping in, bore no resemblance to the narrow, grated loopholes my fancy had pictured; and when I viewed the building from without, I saw, instead of a stately castle, a gentleman's country house, very comfortable, and even picturesque in exterior and surroundings, but with no trace of baronial magnificence. My father, much amused at my romantic anticipations, had purposely abstained from enlightening me as to the common practice prevailing in Ireland of terming an ordinary house a 'castle,' and had laughed to himself in his own quiet way over the disenchantment in store for me. I was wise enough to keep my hopes and their downfall to myself; had I done otherwise, I should have been unmercifully laughed at by my merry cousins.

"I speedily became a great favorite with the boys, especially with my madcap Cousin Preston, owing to my daring spirit and love of adventure, but my chosen friends and chief confidantes were Annie and Katie. With the latter, who was about my own age, and akin to me in disposition, I was most at my ease, but I was very proud of my friendship with Annie. She was four years older than myself, wore long dresses, arranged her hair like a grown-up young lady, and was called 'Miss Connor.' There was much, therefore, in her liking for me that pleased my vanity.

"It was on a glorious August morning, bright, sunny, and cloudless, that some five or six of us set off on a long-planned excur-

sion to a neighboring bog, with which I was to make my first acquaintance. I had petitioned that I might ride 'Brunette,' my Cousin Annie's pony, which was granted on condition that I dismounted when we arrived on the outskirts of the bog, where all agreed it would be unsafe to take a horse. We started in the gayest possible spirits, I cantering on far ahead of the rest, and only reining in occasionally to speak to Preston, who, agile as a hare, nearly kept pace with the pony. When we reached the gate leading into the bog, we paused for the rest of the party.

"'You had better dismount now, Ethel,' said Alick, as at length they came up with us; 'I will ride back with Brunette, and rejoin you by a short cut.'

"'Oh, Alick!' exclaimed Preston, 'she need not dismount yet, the bog will be quite safe for another quarter of a mile.'

"'Perhaps you are right,' said Alick, good-naturedly, 'and if Ethel will only get down when we come to the first dangerous place, I think she may go on a little further now.'

"But flushed and excited by an exercise in which I delighted, I was by no means disposed to yield when Alick once more laid his hand on my bridle, and said decisively that I must get down. To my inexperienced eye, the place to which he pointed looked as firm as any I had already traversed, and I dare say the annoyance I felt appeared in my countenance, for Preston exclaimed rudely, 'What a muff you are, Alick! There is no danger here. Harry and I will lead the pony; and if Ethel sits firmly she will be quite safe.'

"Alick took no notice of his brother's rudeness, but continued speaking to me in a low voice. 'I know these bogs better than Preston,' he said earnestly; 'and, indeed, it is not wise to run the risk. Trust me, Ethel, I would not curtail your pleasure unnecessarily.'

"I was touched by his words, and more than half inclined to yield; but while I was debating the matter in my own mind, Alick, mistaking the cause of my silence, said in a grave, displeased tone, 'Decide quickly, Ethel; will you trust Preston or me? I shall not ask you again.'

"I was irritated by his tone, my softened feelings vanished at once, and freeing my reins from his detaining grasp, I called out to Preston that I was ready to go on.

"'Oh, Ethel, dear,' said Annie, in a hesitating voice, 'had you not better get down?'

"But my wilful spirit was now thoroughly roused, and I would not heed her gentle remonstrance. In another moment I heartily repented my rashness. I felt the ground give way beneath me; the pony's hind legs sank in the soft, treacherous turf, and had it not been for Alick, who, forgetting his displeasure, sprang actively to the pony's head and assisted his brothers in their strenuous efforts to drag her over, my headstrong folly might have proved fatal.

"'Oh, Preston!' I said, half crying, when we were at length safely landed on the other side, 'I will get down now, and let the pony go back.'

"'Nonsense!' he cried, with a defiant glance at his brother; we got you over famously. Ethel, you behaved like a little trooper. But I will tell you what we will do. You shall dismount whenever we come to a dangerous place, Brunette will be quite steady when she has not to bear your weight; Harry and I will lead her over, and you can ride between times.'

"All except Alick seemed to think this plan sufficiently prudent; even Annie agreeing to it, though in a somewhat doubtful manner. The knotty point being thus settled, we went gayly on, I scrambling up and down, as we came to each dangerous place, with a certain willful enjoyment of Alick's vexation, that added zest to my pleasure. I had never seen a bog before, and to me the scene was novel and enchanting. All before and around us, on every side, was one mass of purple heather, of various shades and kinds, mingled with the white tufts of the wild cotton plant, and here and there the bright scarlet moss peculiar to the bogs. I soon voluntarily dismounted, leaving the pony in Preston's charge while I gathered handsful of heath-blossoms, filled my hat with the brilliant moss, and pelted Katie and Annie with mimic snow-balls of tufted cotton. After a time my enjoyment was a little marred by the difficulty the boys seemed to have in getting the pony over the soft places, but I soon forgot it again, till, after the girls had been helped over a more formidable bog hole than any we had as yet encountered, I saw that Preston and Harry were really uneasy about Brunette's transit. Alick and Mr. Colquhoun joined them, and a brief consultation followed.

"'Perhaps I had better take the pony back,' said Preston, in a tone half sheepish, half penitent.

"'It is too late,' returned Alick, shortly; 'it would be more dangerous to go back than forward.'

"They led the pony up and down, seeking for the safest place to cross; but when they at length made the attempt, the ground gave way beneath her and she sank, her frantic struggles to free herself only causing her to sink lower and lower. I shall never forget my sensations as I watched the poor animal gradually sinking in spite of every effort made to save her, till only her head and back were above ground.

"'If she struggles *now*,' said Alick, in a low voice to Mr. Colquhoun, 'her legs will snap like sealing-wax.'

"Annie covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears. I felt my cheeks crimson, and my heart sickening with self-reproach and apprehension, as I stood apart, not daring to say a word, but watching with breathless expectation for what should happen next. Fortunately, the pony, as if by instinct, remained perfectly quiet, making no effort to free herself, but turning her beautiful eyes on us with a wistful, almost human expression in their dark orbs, that made my heart ache with remorse. 'It was through my fault that this had happened,' thought I, with bitter regret. They soothed and petted the frightened animal as they cautiously removed the saddle, speaking in low, quiet tones, that they might not rouse any feeling of alarm, and then laying hold of the girths, pulled her forcibly up, and landed her, quivering all over, but safe, on firm ground. I could scarcely believe my eyes, and Preston relieved his excited feelings by a loud hurrah of triumph; but Alick checked him; the danger was by no means over; the ground where the pony stood was safe, but nowhere else—before, behind, and on every side were holes even worse than those into which Brunette had already sunk, and Alick's grave face looked very anxious. After some discussion, it was settled that Alick should himself examine the bog all round; and, if necessary, bring men with hurdles to assist them in their task, while we remained where we were till he returned. He was soon out of sight, and we sat down amidst the heather, beneath a burning August sun, to await his return. There were one or two attempts at conversation, but they failed miserably, and soon not a word was spoken as the weary minutes—each of which appeared an hour in duration—slowly dragged themselves on. When a quarter of an hour had passed in this way, Preston could bear it no longer, but springing up, declared that if Mr. Colquhoun would help him, he was sure he could manage to bring the pony in safety across the bog. At first Mr. Colquhoun refused to do anything in the matter till Alick returned; but when another quarter of an hour passed and Alick did not come, he rose, and, joining the two boys, who were standing by the pony, talked earnestly with them for some moments. Presently Mr. Colquhoun approached us.

"'We have determined not to wait for your brother,' he said to Annie. 'I have had little experience in bogs myself, but Preston assures me there is not much danger to be apprehended now, and if you ladies will help us to gather bundles of heather to lay under the pony's feet, we will make the attempt.'

"We were delighted to be set to work, and if any doubt of the wisdom of the plan crossed our minds, it was speedily swallowed up in the excitement of our occupation. We gathered armfuls of heather, bog myrtle, and any other shrub we could find, and at length flattered ourselves that the ground was tolerably secure. We scarcely dared to breath, as we watched Mr. Colquhoun leading the pony carefully forward. Slowly and cautiously the animal stepped; for a pace or two all went well, and we ventured to hope the critical moment was passed, when once more the treacherous ground gave way, the unfortunate animal plunged in its fright and sank, lower, more helplessly than before. I shall never forget the horror of that moment, or the pitiable expression of agonized terror in the poor creature's eye. My feelings may be better imagined than described. Katie sobbed unrestrainedly; and even Mr. Colquhoun's fine brown eyes were not guiltless of a certain suspicious moisture as he looked at Annie, who was kneeling on the turf with her favorite's head in her arms, her fair face bent down till her golden curls mingled with Brunette's dark mane. How we longed for Alick to make his appearance; but strain our eyes as we would, we could detect no sign of his tall, gaunt figure. After a moment's pause, Mr. Colquhoun broke the silence.

"'Miss Connor,' he said gently, 'I am more sorry than I can express for the ill success of my unfortunate attempt, and most sincerely do I wish it had never been made; but now it only remains to remedy the disaster as best we can. The boys and I will stay here with the pony, if you will kindly hurry on to the house, and send men and hurdles to our assistance.'

"'Katie and Ethel can go,' said Annie, without raising her head. 'Katie knows the way. I *cannot* leave Brunette.'

"Mr. Colquhoun bit his lips, and an expression of mingled distress and vexation crossed his face as he drew me aside.

"'You must persuade your cousin to go with you, Ethel,' he said, in a short, decisive tone. 'What we have to do will be no sight for ladies; it may be necessary to shoot the animal. Miss Connor must not stay.'

"He spoke with an air of command which, subdued and remorseful as I was, I did not care to resist, and I timidly approached my cousin. But at the first sound of my voice, she looked up with such a flash of indignant anger in her usually gentle eyes, as caused the words to die away on my lips.

"'Go on! go on!' shouted Preston, impatiently; 'all this talking is making the pony restless; she will plunge presently, and then all will be lost.'

"It would have been foolish to have lingered, so Katie and I started off without making any further efforts to shake Annie's resolution. When we had gone a few hundred yards, I looked back and saw Mr. Colquhoun lead her gently from the pony. She gave one glance at her favorite, and then starting at a swift, steady run, soon overtook us, and passed ahead, her eyes and lips firmly set, never looking back or slackening her pace. We watched her as she shot past us, and disappeared amidst the trees that skirted the bog.

"'I never saw Annie run like that,' whispered Katie, in a tone of wonder mixed with awe.

"We ourselves were hurrying on as fast as the nature of the ground would permit, Katie acted as guide; but in spite of her caution we both fell together into a boghole, just as we were congratulating ourselves that our difficulties were past, and sank to our waists in the soft mud. Fortunately the ground on the other side was firm, and there was, besides, an abundance of sturdy shrubs, by the aid of which we readily succeeded in pulling ourselves up. In doing this, however, I severely twisted my ankle; and after making a desperate attempt to stand, was compelled to sink on the ground, and beg Katie to proceed without me. We were at no great distance now from the back entrance to the house; so that Katie was not long in returning with assistance. No one reproached me as I was borne helpless and half fainting to my room; but their very forbearance I felt more keenly than the sharpest reproof. I could not bear to look at my aunt's grave face; and as soon as my injured foot was swathed round in the soft, cool bandages, I begged to be left alone. I was very unhappy. Through my open window every sound from without reached my ear. Up and down on the gravel walk before the hall door I could hear my Cousin Annie restlessly pacing. I heard the great clock on the stairs strike once, twice, thrice, and yet the messenger who had been dispatched three hours ago for tidings did not return. Four hours had elapsed, and I had nearly given up hoping, when, far down the lime avenue, I heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs, and an unmistakable Irish yell of triumph, in which, shrill, wild, and discordant as it was, I recognized Preston's voice. In spite of my sprained ankle, I sprang from the bed, and dragged myself to the window. My ears had not deceived me. It was Preston, and riding the identical pony we had left four hours before, sunk to its shoulders in the bog. I watched till I saw Preston surrounded by an eager group, laughing, questioning, congratulating all in a breath, and then I crawled back to my bed, and cried for joy and gratitude. I had not lain there very long when Annie came up, flushed and radiant with delight, to give me the details of what had happened. She said it had been a work of great difficulty to bring the pony home in safety; that hurdles had to be laid under her feet at every step; that it had taken the united efforts of twenty men to accomplish the business; but Brunette was safe now, so I was not to cry any more, but get well as quickly as possible.

"I had noticed that Annie mentioned Mr. Colquhoun's name during the course of her narrative rather more frequently than was absolutely necessary; nor was I blind to the soft bright light that shone in her blue eyes, as she spoke of his gentle thoughtfulness and consideration; so that I was not greatly surprised when, two nights later, my cousin knelt by my bedside and told me to congratulate her, for that she was 'the happiest girl in Ireland.'

"I spent the remainder of my visit on the sofa; but every one was very kind to me, and I bore the pain and confinement as patiently as I could, for I felt that I had deserved the punishment my wilfulness had brought on me, and I was thankful that it was no worse. The next time I visited Ireland it was to act as bridesmaid at the wedding of my Cousin Annie with Mr. Colquhoun."

M. L. B. Kerr.

☞ M. About says of an avaricious man, that it had been proved that after having kindled his fire, he stuck a cork in at the end of the bellows to save the little wind that was left in them.

WESTERN FRONT OF ST. MARK'S, VENICE.

Of all the wonders of architecture in the city of Venice, the church of St. Mark is by far the greatest, both for beauty of conception and beauty of design. The great characteristics of the building, are the exquisite proportion of all its parts, its incrustation with precious marbles, and the number of its variegated columns. It has been computed that there are in the exterior and interior more than 500 pillars. The early builders of Venice were unable to procure marble and stone in sufficient quantities to make their buildings entirely of these materials, they therefore built them of brick, and the marbles and other precious stones, obtained from Constantinople and other cities, were split up into layers and fastened on to the surface of the bricks, the surface of the layers being often wrought with delicate tracings and sculpture. St. Mark's is the finest example of this method of treatment. There are five doors, all of bronze, in the principal or western facade fronting St. Mark's place—the grand entrance, under a succession of beautifully sculptured arches, being in the middle. From this the arches of the two doors on each side, with those of the two porticoes, one at each extremity of the facade, are arranged in a gradually lessening proportion. The archivolts of these are wonderfully carved, while the recesses above the doors are filled with mosaics. On each side of the doors are clusters of pillars—in two ranges—of porphyry, alabaster, deep green serpentine, and fine marble, with their capitals richly sculptured. Above the arches of the doors is a round-arched balustrade running round the whole of the exterior of the building. Our illustration, taken from the celebrated Piazza of St. Mark, will serve to give the reader an idea of the wonderful beauty of the exterior of this building, though it cannot show the marvellous beauty of the mosaics, and the coloring with which the cathedral is so profusely decorated.

TREASURE TROVE.

(CONCLUDED.)

Several hours afterwards, this veracious young lady was seated at home, giving a very different account to her father, who listened with grave attention.

"He's a bear, as far as manners go, papa," she said, in the intervals of her after tea fancy-work; "and as for looks—but then, I suppose you are not interested in his looks."

"I am interested in every thing about him, my dear. Go on—what of his looks?"

"Nothing much, I assure you. They are very ordinary looks, in my opinion. One might, by a stretch of courtesy, call him handsome; but he does not impress one as—as Albert Lawton does, for instance."

"Is he anything of a gentleman?"

"Oh, indeed yes—very much of a gentleman. I can say that for him, at all events. A gentleman, without doubt; though he can't be much of a painter."

"Why?"

"He has been painting Mildred's portrait for ever so long, and by all accounts failed completely. But he made a capital sketch of me. I wish you could see it, papa."

"Of *you*?"

"Yes; of me—is that strange? I would not be paying myself an overwhelming compliment, if I said I might make a prettier picture than Mildred."

"You must have let him take a very great liberty, on a very short acquaintance," said Major Alston, coldly.

"Liberty!" cried his daughter, holding up her tobacco-bag—for she never wasted time even over fancy-work—and admiring the embroidered letters that formed the initials, A. H. L. "Dear me, papa, you are antediluvian! Who talks of liberties now? Besides, I asked him to sketch me."

"And pray, what put it into your head to be so familiar with him—of all people?"

The girl looked up with her brown eyes brimming over with mirth.

"Partly because I had nothing else to do, and partly because I wanted to see of what stuff he was made. There was no harm in that, was there, papa?"

"That depends a good deal upon the result."

"The result was that he is like all the rest of his sex—with half a chance, I could twist him round my finger."

"You mean that you think you could do so!"

"I mean that I know I could do so."

They looked at each other intently for a moment; and then Major Alston gave a short, sarcastic laugh.

"Commend me to a woman for vanity," he said. "So you really think that your pretty milk-and-roses face could out-bid Mildred's thousand's in the eyes of a fortune-hunting adventurer like this?"

"No;" said Rose, nonchalantly. "No, I don't think anything half so foolish. I know, of course, that if he, or any other man, were called upon to choose deliberately between my face and Mildred's fortune, he would not hesitate a moment to let me go. But you see, I should not allow him to choose—I would make a fool of him before he knew what he was about."

Her father turned away from the place where he had been standing, and walked up and down the room for several minutes. When he paused again, he stood for some time looking silently at his daughter's tinted face and rich, brown curls, before he spoke—quite abruptly.

"Is he—this fellow—at all in love with Mildred, do you think?" he asked.

"In love?" Rose took a stitch in her embroidery, and laughed. "In love with her fortune, papa, undoubtedly."

"And she? Is she really infatuated about him?"

"You know Mildred, papa—you know how cool and determined she is when she makes up her mind on a subject. I never saw her half so cool or as determined as she is about this."

Major Alston took another turn, and once more came back to her side. This time he did not hesitate an instant before speaking.

"I am going to give you an opportunity to prove whether your boast or not is mere vanity," he said. "You believe you could attract this man. I don't believe it. Now prove which of us is right."

Was it some faint remnant of woman's pride and woman's honor that flushed Rose Alston's cheek so deeply?—or was it merely the vanity of which her father spoke? She did not look up, but she answered, after a moment, slowly and firmly—answered with a steadiness which showed that under all her lightness, she, too, had the indomitable Alston resolution.

"I will do it," she said.

"But remember, there must be no paltering or failure," said her father, warningly. "A thing half done, or badly done, had better not be done at all. Unless you are sure that you can entangle him so completely as to break off the affair with Mildred, you had better leave him alone."

She looked up now, with a daring flash in her eyes.

"I will do it," she repeated. "I will do it, to show you that I can do it, papa, and for the honor of the family."

"The honor of the family!" He gave a dry sort of laugh. "We won't talk about that, Rosie, if you please. If you had said the fortunes of the family there would have been more sense in it; for of course you know why I wish this done?"

"I know you don't want Mildred to marry an itinerant painter."

"Nor any one else, if it can be helped. Her fortune is our right—nothing more than our right; since my father next to disinherited me in favor of my brother; and if she marries, all hope of it passes from us forever."

"I'll do my best, papa—I can say no more than that, you know."

"That is quite enough, if you succeed. And it is to your interest, as well as mine, to succeed—remember that. Set your woman's tricks to work; entangle him, flatter him, draw him in—do anything, so you get him out of Mildred's way."

"Must I promise to marry him?"

"You have promised better men, and slipped out of the matter without any difficulty."

She laughed—the laugh of one irresistibly pleased at the thought of her own prowess.

"Trust me, papa," she said; "and if I manage the matter cleverly, will you give me the pearl necklace I have been begging for so long?"

"The pearl necklace? Yes—and as many more fooleries as you want."

"I'll do it," she repeated, more emphatically than before. And then she took up her work, again, for it somehow chanced that after the compact had been signed and sealed, neither of them cared to meet the other's eyes.

We are fond of talking of many old stories—of the thrice old story of human hate, and that yet older one of human love, of human jealousy, perfidy and passion, and of all those things that the world goes on repeating day after day, with a sameness that it would seem must surely weary if the actors were not so ever fresh and new. Yet among them all, is there any more old or more pitiful than that oft-repeated story of woman's faith and man's faithlessness, on the one side, and of woman's faithlessness and man's faith on the other? It is so bitterly sad, and yet—it is so common. The women who are worth loving, and worth keeping, the women who have courage to resist, patience to endure, constancy to overcome, are not these the forsaken?—and do not the men who have left them go to ruin themselves in the fickle smile of some light creature, some pretty image of painted delf who cast their honest devotion aside like some broken toy of the hour? Who was it called life "a game of cross purposes?" Truly there have been many more definitions.

There had never been much intercourse between the two Alston cousins; but now, all of a sudden, Rose began to pay constant visits to Mildred; to make herself very much at home in the river-side villa, and to demand more attention from Mr. Martin than Mr. Martin seemed willing to give. At first, indeed, he rather avoided the pretty enchantress, with her ready-made smiles and child-like witcheries. But after a while they began to tell on him, as they must needs have told on almost any man. For there are a great many rare things in this world—truth is rare, and courage is rare, and unselfishness is rarer than either—but the rarest of all, perhaps, is a man who can keep a steady head under the influence of a pretty woman's flattery and fascination. She need not be a clever woman at all—some people even go so far as to say that she need not be a pretty woman—but let her only flatter in that subtle way which the serpent teaches some of Eve's daughters, and her work is done. It was this capability which Rose Alston possessed in perfection, as women of her stamp mostly do possess it, and which in this instance she brought to bear "with a will." Her beauty seconded her at all times; but especially did it do her good service now, since there are few things that touch an artist so nearly as the Delight of the Eye; and with all his affections and cynicisms, Gerald Martin had been born one of Art's children. The artistic power, and artistic nature were his birthright—a birthright which no adverse fortune could take from him, and which was worth more than many happier gifts of the blind goddess, even though he had never known aught save the material, the (if such a word can be applied to such a thing,) sensual side of art. He appreciated this himself; he felt to his inmost soul that the diviner portion, the immortal essence, escaped him. Yet he saw the fact only as "through a glass darkly." It made him moody and self-distrustful, but it did not tend to elevate his nature until the nobler inspiration should come, as it only comes to the simple of mind and the pure of heart. He had never in his life given a better instance of this than when he strove to paint Mildred and failed utterly, than when he strove to paint Rose and succeeded perfectly. The nobler face, the face whose features were but mirrors for the expression of the soul, was far beyond his limning powers; but the other, the face that had not a shade of more than ordinary meaning in its piquant lines and wild rose tints, stood out on his canvas as a living thing.

"I can deal with forms; but expressions elude me," he said to Mildred, when they stood together looking at this last; and Mildred smiled her sweet, grave smile. "You will do better some day," she replied. "Patience and—courage." Yet she, too, felt assured that in this respect he would never do better; that the radical defect was not

in knowledge or in practice, but in the very nature itself. Fortunately, however, she was no woman to create imaginary perfections in the man she loved; to make him, for the time, a demi-god, only that when he fell he would seem less than mortal. She saw his defects as plainly as if there had been no glamour of enchantment cast over him; yet she only clung to him with a tenderness born of them, which was deeper than passion. A strong nature—a nature grand enough to feel its own shortcomings, and pity the shortcomings of others, may do this. It is the weak who are merciless to the weakness and failures of others. Not but that she loved him, loved him with her whole heart and mind and strength, loved him as—God pity them—some women do know how to love; and loving him once, loved him forever. In the full royalty of her womanhood, she laid all that she had to give in his hand; stooping with sweet humility as to make even a man like this—a man keenly alive to his low estate, and chafing under it—forget that she did stoop. She trusted him with a trust as perfect as ever was given to any son of earth; trusted him so entirely that she would have scorned to take the testimony of all mankind against his truth, and was rewarded as many women and many men have been rewarded before her.

Not that Martin was an interested suitor in the vulgar meaning of that term—not that he had sought her simply for the gilded bribe that went with her, (for if this had been so, self-interest would have kept him true;) but only that he had no more mastered the depths of her nature than he had learned the expressions of her face, and that his love, consequently, was little more than a faint mingling of admiration and respect. He had been moved by gratitude, he had been drawn by curiosity, he had been attracted as any man above the common herd must have been attracted by the rare union of gentleness and strength in her character. After his own fashion, he had fallen in love, therefore, and when she showed him that he need not "fear his fate too much," he had told himself that he would be a fool if he hesitated, and he had gone forward and won what might have been the crown of his life. Having won it, he meant very sincerely to be honest and true in keeping it; so when Rose Alston came across his path, and beckoned him away with her syren smile, he resisted earnestly, and, for a time, steadily. He avoided her as much as possible, and when they met, tried to prove that her arts were useless; but it was all in vain. The end came before very long—as it must needs come to all such struggles when there is no sterner stuff than was here—and like many another of his sex, he threw behind him faith and honor, and love such as earth gives not twice, for the false smile of a coquette. It all came about as Rose Alston had said. She did not give him time to think, to weigh the consequences of his folly, but she drew him on until he hardly knew where he stood, and until the head of one under the spell of hasheesh was clear compared to his.

Whether or not Mildred saw any of this, no one could tell. There was not a shadow of change in her manner, either toward Martin or toward Rose. Whether, having trusted once, she trusted to the very end, or whether it was only that she disdained to show suspicion, no one knew—then or ever. Once only Mrs. Ryde essayed to speak on the subject.

"Dear," she said one evening, when Martin had accompanied Rose home, and she and Mildred were left alone together, "don't you think that your—your cousin is a good deal of a flirt?"

"Rose would tell you that she was," said Mildred, smiling; "but for my part, I think there is more folly than want of heart in her flirtations."

"I am not sure about that," said Mrs. Ryde—Rose was no favorite of hers—"I would not trust her. I think she would attract any man she could; and—and, Mildred, don't you think she is trying to attract more of Mr. Martin's attention than she ought?"

"I think that Rose is fond of admiration, and Mr. Martin is fond of pretty women," answered Mildred, calmly. "It is only natural, therefore, that they should agree. You surely don't think I would be absurd enough to be jealous?"

"No, dear," responded the old lady, meekly. "Jealousy is very absurd, undoubtedly; but—but one's own dignity—"

"Is generally, in matters of this kind, a cloak for one's own absurdity," interrupted Mildred kindly, but firmly. "If I wanted to bring about the very thing you fear, and to make myself quite obnoxious to Gerald, I would do well to begin thus early to feel aggrieved that he prefers sometimes to look at a prettier face than mine. No, Mrs. Ryde, you mean well, of course; but we will not speak of this again, if you please."

Nor did they—not even as days went by, and the older woman saw plainly how matters were drifting. What she would have done to Rose Alston, if vengeance had been in her hands those times, it would be hard to say; but she was helpless, as many other people have been, when folly or crime were enacting before their very eyes, and could only wait, in fear and trembling, for the end. It came at last in this wise:

Mildred was alone in the garden one evening—as it chanced at the very spot where Rose and Martin had first met—when turning round, she saw her cousin coming toward her. Whether or not she was glad to see her was exceedingly doubtful; but at least they met cordially, and Mildred asked when she had arrived.

"Only a moment ago," said Rose, who looked singularly flushed and agitated. "I drove over with papa, and he put me down at the gate. Mrs. Ryde told me you were here, and I—I came at once."

"It is pleasanter here than in the house, these balmy Indian Summer days," said Mildred. "Sit down—you seem out of breath."

Rose sat down on the rustic seat at one end of which Mildred was ensconced with her sewing; but even then she still appeared strangely ill at ease. Her cousin's questions seemed to pass her almost unheard, and her answers to these were quite at random. At last Mildred could not but notice this.

"What is the matter?" she asked. "You seem wonderfully out of sorts. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"You!—anything you can do for me?" repeated Rose with a start. "O, no—I mean yes—there is a great deal if—if you will."

"You might know that I will, Rose."

"O, but I don't know it," cried Rose. "It is such a great thing—*such* a great thing that I—I am afraid to ask you."

"You need not be afraid, I assure you. What is it?"

She spoke with a smile, for Rose had always been wastefully extravagant, and whenever her father was moved to just indignation, and peremptorily refused further funds, a demand on Mildred's exchequer was sure to follow. Miss Alston had grown quite accustomed to this, and she smiled now, expecting to hear that a new supply of lace or silk was absolutely needed for some festive occasion.

"What is it?" she repeated, after a pause. "Don't be foolish, Rose—speak out."

"I—I dare not."

"You have grown very modest all of a sudden. I suppose I must make a conjecture, then. You are in need of a new dress or a new set of jewelry—is it not so?"

"O, no, no!" cried Rose, and suddenly, to her cousin's consternation, she burst into a violent fit of weeping.

It is strange to consider by what different means different natures are touched. An angel from heaven might have come down and preached to Rose Alston with all the eloquence of all the cherubims and seraphims, thrones, dominations, and powers, the ingratitude and treachery of her conduct, without moving her one hair's breadth from her resolve; yet these few words of the woman she had injured beyond repair—this proof of the only generosity which had value to her—made her feel, for once, at least, the ineffable shame of the part she was playing. She burst into tears, and before Mildred knew what she intended, was kneeling on the gravel walk, with her bright brown head buried in her cousin's lap.

"O, don't talk to me that way—don't offer to do things for me!" she sobbed. "I am a—a wretch, Mildred, and all I want is your forgiveness."

"My forgiveness!" Mildred started, and the faint tinge of color in her face at once fled from it. "My forgiveness! Rose, what do you mean?"

But Rose only sobbed, by way of reply—sobbed with such heart-breaking pathos, that it is to be doubted whether art was not once more getting the better of nature.

"Rose, what do you mean?" her cousin repeated, almost sternly. "What have you done—what have you been doing—that you should need to ask forgiveness?"

"It was not my fault. I—I could not help it!" cried the weeping voice. "O, don't be hard with me, Mildred—don't be hard with him."

"*Him!*"

It was all Mildred said; but her hand closed as if with a convulsive spasm, over the back of the seat, and when Rose raised her startled face, she met a pair of eyes whose expression she never forgot.

"Yes, him," she cried hastily. "O, Mildred, be generous. He loves me so, and I—"

She broke off abruptly, for Mildred laid her hand down on the rounded shoulder, with a touch that was felt through its muslin covering, and chilled the girl so that she shivered all over in the warm afternoon.

"He loves you so!" Miss Alston repeated, and her voice sounded hollow and harsh. "Do you mean Gerald Martin?"

"Yes, yes. I mean him. I—O, Mildred, forgive me!"

The cry was wrung from her at sight of the awful whiteness which came over the face at which she gazed, but no answer was returned. Mildred only put her on one side, then she rose up, and, still without a word, walked away.

Rose dared not follow, so she sat still, and wiped her eyes at her leisure. After all, Mildred had taken it much more quietly than she had hoped; and yet even this shallow heart felt strangely awed and stirred by the expression which that pale, set face had worn as it turned from her.

"I could not help it—it had to be done," she muttered, with a desperate attempt to bring herself back to the spirit of her part. "I did not think she would take it hard—but still it had to be done. How I hated to tell her—and how glad I am it is over."

She had time enough to congratulate herself on this, and drill herself into all that was to be said and done next, before Mildred came back—came with her face still white and rigid, but with no other visible trace of emotion. Rose quailed when she saw her returning. It was one thing to prepare speeches for Mildred absent and quite another thing to face Mildred present. She knew how well she deserved reproaches and accusations, and she doubted not that they would be poured upon her now after the model of rival heroines on the stage. "Let her come—I am ready," said the young *intriguante* between her closed teeth; and the next moment Mildred paused before her, and laid her hand again on her shoulder.

"Look up, Rose," she said—for the guilty lids would sink—"Look up, and answer me one question—do you love him?"

Rose looked up; but only for an instant. With all her powers of audacity, she could not meet the clear, steady eyes bent on her, and her own sank again. She answered though, at once.

"O, Mildred, yes."

"And he loves you?"

"Yes."

There was a moment's pause. The younger girl set her teeth hard. "It is coming now," she thought—and as she thought it, Mildred leaned over and kissed her.

"Take him, then," she said. "Take him, as far as he is mine to give."

For one moment, sheer astonishment held Rose silent. Then again the burning sense of her own falsity rushed over her, and she threw herself weeping into her cousin's arms.

"Mildred, I cannot do it!" she cried. "He is yours; you must keep him."

But Mildred only soothed her, as she might have soothed a child; and when the brief tempest of emotion had spent itself, she repeated her former words.

"Take him," she said. "Do you think I would have held him a moment if I had suspected this? And don't fear my blaming you—either of you. It was very natural. I might have known that I was not made to be loved. Only—he should not have put this on you. He should have told me himself."

"He dared not," Rose sobbed. "He said he was bound to you in honor, and that we must give each other up. But I—I could not."

"He was wrong," said Mildred. "A vow broken in the spirit and held in the letter, is more than a falsehood. I am glad you told me, Rose. You have saved him and you have saved me from lifelong misery."

"Then you don't care for him, after all!" cried Rose, and strangely enough, there was a tone of disappointment in her voice. "You could not give him up like this, if you did, Mildred."

"Could I not?" said Mildred, with a faint, cold smile. "It seems to me that the keeping him would be the only hard thing to do. How long have you known that you loved each other, Rose?"

"Several weeks."

"Several weeks!"—the slender, white hands closed over each other firmly. "Then you have endured several weeks of unnecessary waiting—that is all. When will you learn that the straight road is always the short road? I will see Mr. Martin and tell him that he is free from all claim of mine; but first I have something to say to you, Rose."

"Well?" said Rose, catching her breath.

"Not much; only this. He loves you, and you love him, and I believe that foolish and light as you have always been, you are true and honest at heart, or I could hardly surrender him to you as I do. But I want you to remember me if you ever feel tempted to treat him as you have treated others; remember that he was as the very life-blood of my heart, and I gave him to you. Rose, promise me, here, now, to be faithful to him."

Her voice was thrilling with a passion totally foreign to it—a passion which so strangely startled the girl who was listening, that for a moment she forgot her part; forgot that if she gave such a promise, she would be staining herself with a deliberate perjury; and only hearing the anxiety vibrating in these tones, strove to reassure it.

"I will! I will!" she cried. "I promise you I will, Mildred."

"I shall not forget," Mildred said, and then she kissed her again, and walked slowly away. Not far off she met Royal, and Rose saw her bend down and put her arms round his grand leonine neck. She did not hear the words whispered into his ear, however, for they were low and few—only these.

"We have only each other again, Royal; but my heart is broken."

The next day Miss Alston saw Martin. It was a very short interview, and what was said nobody ever learned. Nothing passionate, nothing verging on the tragic, apparently, for their voices were not once raised above an ordinary conversational tone. When the gentleman came forth, he only looked a shade more grave than usual, and as he rode out of the stately grounds, he cast a lingering glance around him, pondering, probably, whether Rose Alston's pink and white charms were worth quite such a price as this.

Some time after he left, Mildred appeared, and, as it chanced, met Mrs. Ryde in the hall. She was passing her without speaking, when the wistfulness of the other's glance caught her attention, and pausing, she held out her hand.

"Forgive me if I seem cold or absent," she said. "It is all over."

"O, Mildred, my dear love," cried the old woman, with a rush of tears, "don't, don't mind him! He was never worthy of you. I said you that from the first. Don't—don't suffer."

"Tell me not to breathe," said Mildred, smiling faintly. Then she drew away her hand, and went up stairs.

"But 'tis just these women's way—
All the same, the wide world over—
Fooled by what's most worthless, they
Cheat in turn, the honest lover."

Does it seem strange to apply these lines—than which truer were never penned—to Rose Alston and the man she had wiled from her cousin? Yet, judged by the world's grand test, the sacrifice of worldly interest, Gerald Martin had certainly proved himself as entirely an "honest lover," so far as she was concerned, as any paladin who ever kept faith, and merited at least from her the reward of honesty. For a time he fancied, as all dupes do fancy, that he would obtain this; for a time he found himself basking in the smiles of his fair beguiler, filling the position of her accepted suitor, received by Major Alston as a future son-in-law, and altogether as happy as a man afflicted with chronic discontent can possibly be made. No human bliss is eternal, however, and at last the sky began to cloud. First came trifling disputes and estrangements, which might pass under the head of "lover's quarrels"—those charming delights of courtship; then more serious conflicts of will, in the course of which Martin soon found that he had not to deal with the sweet, forbearing temper and remarkable dignity of the woman he had forsaken; then jealousy and upbraiding, anger on one side, and careless disdain on the other, ending in storms and outbursts. It would have been the same under any circumstances; for there was very little in common between these two; and Rose was not a woman to submit to the shadow of dictation; but when the utter absence of love on her side is taken into consideration, the wonder is not that the estrangement ended so soon, but rather that it lasted so long. It did last for some time; partly because there was novelty in it, partly because her vanity was gratified by another admirer dangling in her train; and partly, to do her justice, because she felt, in a certain way, the shame of her conduct, and hated to turn away, for good and for all, the man she had deliberately betrayed. But it was not long before he forced this upon her; for he grew very troublesome, i. e., jealous; and Rose, who was much interested in a certain lady-killing Colonel Lawton, (who being a fortune-hunter by profession, had as much idea of marrying her as of cutting his throat,) told her father that she really could not endure it any longer.

"He grows unbearably interfering, papa," she said one evening. "The idea of his daring—absolutely daring to tell me that I should not go to ride any more with Colonel Lawton!"

"And what did you tell him?"

"What should I tell him, excepting that I would go as often, and stay as long as I pleased? But I shall have to send him about his business—I really cannot stand the manner in which he torments me."

"I wonder you did not dispose of him long ago," said her father, coldly. "You must find something agreeable in him, or you would not have kept him dangling all this time."

"Agreeable!" repeated she, with a grimace. "He has been the nightmare of my life since I took him off Mildred's hands. She ought to be infinitely obliged to me, I am sure; but then I have endured him as long as possible. When he comes to-morrow, I must really put an end to the matter. It is a disagreeable thing to do, but it will be a comfort to have him off my mind, at any rate."

She did not execute her kind intention on the morrow, however, for Martin did not appear, the day being one of wild autumn storm—storm which tore all the bright leaves from the trees, and scattered them broad-cast with blinding showers of rain, and which lasted for twenty-four hours, during which time the very windows of heaven seemed opened again. Then the rain abated, and the Y——, already somewhat swollen from recent floods, began to rise. About noon, Mildred was standing at the window of her sitting-room, looking out on the heavy masses of still threatening clouds and the torn, ravaged aspect of nature, when she saw Gerald Martin ride past her gate toward the river. Mrs. Ryde, who was sitting near, saw him also, and without thinking, gave an exclamation.

"Surely he will not try the ford," she said. "After all this rain, the river must be dreadfully high."

"A little, but not dreadfully," Mildred answered. "He is right to go now if he wants to go at all, for an hour or two hence, it will be past fording—indeed I have little idea that it will be done again for some time. That will not matter, though, after he is once on the other side."

"No; of course not," said Mrs. Ryde; and she could have bitten her tongue off, when she remembered where he was going; for the river divided the two Alston residences, and almost any day that Mildred chose to look out, she could see her former lover on his way to her cousin's side. To-day she watched him—uneasy about the ford, despite herself—and it was not until she saw him gallop over the hills on the other side of the stream, that she turned away and went back to her work.

Her prophecy was correct—a few hours later the Y—— was swollen past fording, and by nightfall was, in provincial phrase, "fairly booming." One of the negroes, who had been a ferryman all his life, came in to beg some favor of his young mistress, and Mildred asked how the river looked.

"Awful high, Missis," said the old fellow, "and gwine to be higher yit. De back water, ma'am, is up to de lowermost fall," (Anglice, terrace,) "and all de folks what's on de oder side 'll have to stay dere."

"Couldn't a canoe cross?"

"La Bless you, missis, how a canoe gwine to pull agin all dat water? I'se ferried de ribber all my life, ma'am, but you couldn't git me out to-night nohow."

"I know better than that, Peyton. You would go this minute if any body were in danger."

"O, yes, 'm; if any body was in danger I dunno but I would," said Peyton, dubiously, "But nobody gwine to be fool enough to try dat ribba to-night. Thanky, missis—thankey kindly."

He bowed and scraped over the liberal sum which Mildred gave him, and then took himself off, leaving a strange unrest and anxiety behind him, which would not be put down at the command of reason. Miss Alston answered her old friend's stream of talk very abruptly, and at last rose and went to the window. "How dark it is!" she said, drawing aside the curtain, and looking out. "Not a sign of moon or stars; and the river—do you hear it, Mrs. Ryde?"

"No, dear," said Mrs. Ryde, placidly. "I'm deaf, you know."

"Surely Mr. Martin will not think of trying to return to-night," said Mildred, after a moment's pause. "He could not be so rash; but I am absurd. Of course they would keep him, and of course he would wish to stay. Mrs. Ryde, you don't think there's any probability of his doing such a thing, do you?"

"Probability of his returning to-night! Why, my love, of course not. He would be crazy, if he did; for you heard what Peyton said, and necessarily they know all about the river on the other side."

"I am absurd," repeated Mildred, under her breath. But still she could not quiet her apprehensions. They clung to her, despite all her efforts to throw them off; and when at last she went to her chamber, it was for any purpose in the world but that of sleep. The wind had risen, and was moaning past her windows with that strange, almost human utterance which the wind sometimes possesses. She heard it come sweeping up from the forest, and break into mournful music as it surged among the tall oaks round the house. Against her window came the dash of rain; but she could not make up her mind to close the shutter, or to extinguish her lamp. On the contrary, she set the latter just against a pane of glass. "If—if anybody *were* to try the river," she thought, "it might serve as a beacon to keep them straight." Then she went to bed, but not to sleep. The wind!—a dozen times at least, she started, thinking that she heard a human cry for help, when it was only the sough of some mournful blast. Then, too, the unaccustomed presence of the light disturbed her, and she heard Royal restlessly walking about, and whining as if he had strong intentions of howling, in the lower hall. After awhile, she found there was no good in trying to sleep; so she resigned herself to wakefulness, and waited, quietly at least, for morning. Never before had it seemed so long in coming; but when the first gray beam stole into her chamber, she was on her feet. It did not take her many minutes to dress; and then, groping her way down stairs, she opened the front door. The storm had lulled again; but the wild desolation of the scene on which she gazed was hardly to be equalled. The tempest had done its work. Every tree was bare; the earth was covered with fallen leaves, and strewed with broken boughs; the heavy clouds still curtained the sky from horizon to horizon; and the broad, swollen current of the river was distinctly visible as it spread over the low-ground fields. Royal had followed his mistress out, and when she looked round, she saw him standing by her. She smiled slightly, and laid her hand on his head.

"Come," she said. "It may be errant folly; but we must go down and look at the river."

In a moment he leaped up, and put his great paws on her shoulders. Who can say that language is unintelligible to dogs? If ever there was comprehension in human eyes, there was comprehension in Royal's, as he licked her hand for a moment, and got down again. Then they set out, and in ten minutes reached the river.

It was very high, far higher than it was in the August freshet, and swept its turbid current along with a rush that was fairly majestic. Over the low-ground the water spread like a lake; but the shelving bank where Mildred paused, rose up too high for its encroachment, and she stood in perfect safety, looking silently at the swollen flood—looking with such singular fascination, that she did not notice how Royal had left her side, and was whining strangely at a lower place, where a cluster of willows grew, among whose boughs the water was rushing. Finding that she paid no attention to him, he came back and leaped upon her, so that she was forced to perceive his desire for something. She gave a start, and when he whined again, in the same distressed way, the fear she had momentarily forgotten rushed over her with renewed force.

"What is it, Royal?" she cried. "My God!—what is it?"

She went forward, and the dog bounded in front of her to the spot where he had been just before. As soon as she reached there, she saw a dark object—apparently a man's coat—which the willows had caught and held, though the current was swaying it to and fro. "Go in—go in!" she cried to the dog; and he, who only needed this permission, gave one great spring, and was in. He floundered among the boughs for a moment or two before he recovered himself; then he made a circuit, and reached the object, which was some little distance from land. Mildred saw him tear it away from the limb, with his great strong teeth, and then he came swimming slowly and laboredly back to where she stood.

She rushed down to the water's edge, and recklessly waded in toward him; for she saw the large, dark form that he bore. Between them they drew it, as they had drawn it once before, out of the water to the foot of the old oak; and then Mildred saw who it was—saw the face she had seen once before, when it was white and still with a less awful stillness.

She made no sound, she uttered no moan; she only knelt down on the wet ground, and laid her hand over the heart that would never beat again; felt the silent pulse, touched the icy cold brow, and knew that it was Death.

The dog crouched motionless by her side, and when an hour had gone by, she still knelt there, gazing at the man who had left her—for this! Her pale lips did not move, even in one single prayer for the soul that had gone forth in its reckless passion, all unprepared. The time for prayer was yet to come, together with the time for grief. Now, she only felt, dimly and dully, that he was here once more. He had been taken from her for a time; but the river that gave him to her first, had given him back to her again—forever.—*The Old Guard.*

☞ A little daughter of William Kohr, near Middletown, Connecticut, was poisoned by eating painted Christmas candies. She took spasms the next day and died, suffering terribly before her death.

☞ We've all got our little weaknesses. Brown's little weakness is this:—When he and Mrs. Brown go to a dinner-party they do it in style; and he naturally likes his entertainer's flunkeys to think that the equipage he has hired for the occasion is his own.

Brown (in a loud voice)—"O—a—come for us at eleven, John."

The coachman (in a louder)—"Hall right, sir! *What name shall I hask for?*"

☞ Dumas left the unpublished MSS. of 28 novels and 14 plays.

☞ A boy in Wisconsin has no ears and can hear distinctly through his mouth.

☞ Dr. T. B. Welch, of Vineland, announces that he is now making, for communion service, wine, absolutely *free* from alcohol. This wine is the pure juice of the grape, with only sufficient sugar added to make it palatable, and yet, if kept sealed, it is warranted to remain as fresh as when first prepared from the grape.

☞ It is stated that General Von Moltke has been preparing for the invasion of France for the last ten years. As a tourist, he has explored all parts of the country. On his excursions into France he was accompanied by his daughter, who always carried an album, which she filled with pencil sketches; and she also aided her father in taking notes and revising maps.

☞ In a school out at Pittsburg where whipping is prohibited, the teachers pinches the girls' noses with warm forceps.

☞ The double-baby of Ohio has the croup.

☞ Mdlle. Nilsson was robbed of a diamond ornament, worth $2,000, while being dragged home in her carriage by enthusiastic admirers.

☞ In any business, never wade into water where you cannot see the bottom. Put no dependence upon the label of a bag, and count money before you receipt for it. See the sack opened before you buy what is in it, for he who trades in the dark asks to be cheated.

☞ There are seven lady sculptors at Rome.

☞ The Orphan schools of this state contain three thousand six hundred children. Not a single death has occurred during the past four months.

☞ Sir Edward Landseer's health is so poor that his friends fear he will not again be able to work at the easel.

☞ Bret Hart, the new humorist of the day, is not only wonderfully clever in the fresh vein of poetry he has struck, but he is known in private life as a man of great purity of character, and many domestic virtues. Those who have enjoyed his refined hospitality and that of his accomplished wife, and seen him surrounded by his little group of "olive plants," can attest that, like all true men, he shows to best advantage in his home.

☞ A little Miss says she is *never* going to be married, but she is going to be a widow, because widows dress in such nice black, and look so happy!

☞ The editor of Old and New asks his contributors to write proper names intelligibly—a desire in which all editors will unite.

☞ When a true genius appears in the world you may know him by this sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him.

☞ Bum, to hum; rebum, to hum again; pluribus, to hum without regard to sex; sillybus, the hand instead of the lips; blunderbus, to kiss the wrong person; omnibus, to kiss all the persons in the room; cerebus, to kiss in the dark.

☞ In England a season-ticket holder on a railroad found the advertised train not going to start, in consequence of the fireman having neglected to keep up steam, and ordered a special train, at a cost of about forty pounds, which he paid and then brought an action for the money and ten pounds additional for his own loss of two hours' time. The judge expressed himself "astonished" that the company had resisted such a claim, and the jury gave the plaintiff a verdict for all he asked.

☞ A tame rat in Muscatine, Iowa, stands on his hind feet and crows like a rooster.

☞ Young Swell—"I say, boy, what do you do with your clothes when you've worn them out?" Boy—"Wears 'em home again!"

☞ "Arthur," said a good-natured father to his young hopeful, "I did not know until to-day that you had been whipped last week." "Didn't you, pa?" replied the young hopeful; "I knew it at the time."

☞ "Kasper; or, the Krow Eyed Karpenter of Kalamazoo," is the title of a sensation story published in a New Jersey paper.

Does a Liberal or an Economical POLICY PAY BEST FINANCIALLY?

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ANNE R. McDOWELL.

Although not particularly interested in the suffrage movement for women, I have been for many years actively engaged in endeavoring to extend the educational and industrial rights of the sex, believing that women can never attain to their highest possibilities or development until they are educated to become the intelligent friends and helpful co-workers with men in the world's work and duties, as well as within the sacred precincts of home.

Although my efforts in this direction have met with much wordy encouragement, I have found very little practical aid in my attempts to introduce women into avocations that almost all men agree that they are well qualified to enter, and verbally encourage them to undertake.

People, even the most conservative now allow—although home and home duties offer the fairest field for the cultivation of womanly virtues and graces—that inasmuch as it is not the lot of all women to have homes, those obliged to brave the world in efforts to obtain a subsistence, should be afforded means of comfortable living by being introduced into all kinds of trade or business which they are not unfitted by nature to enter.

One would think that this being the theory of a great majority of the people, the work of opening work shops would be easy, and that better paid labor would at once gladden hearts that have so long been burthened by the cares which spring from poorly remunerated toil—such, however, is not the case; and although all working to attain this reform are in the frequent receipt of letters commending their "noble efforts" and wishing "God speed," yet in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred such communications are words—mere words—meaning nothing.

Woman's right to live by the labor of her hands, although now theoretically conceded, is still practically denied, and prejudice and fogyism are still as rampant as when one of old counselled women to silence and subjection. Even kindly-disposed people, whilst uttering their good wishes in behalf of toiling womanhood, still hold off and refuse by their works to give evidence that their hearts have any part in the sympathy expressed. So long as women are content to starve at womanly avocations, or fall ill and die of the cares and privations which attend upon unremunerated toil, a sort of sentimental pity attaches to them; but when it is desired that those indulging in this sentiment shall give some practical test of their pity for toilers still living, they, when appealed to, say, "Well, dear lady, the case is a hard one, we sympathize heartily in the sorrows you depict, but what can we do? Labor is subject to the immutable laws of supply and demand, and this must regulate the price of work."

I am not a political economist, and consequently do not accept this aphorism as conclusive. I believe that the Voice of Justice should take precedence over selfish proverbs and saws, and that tells me that "the laborer is worthy of his hire."

Some years ago, I had occasion to talk over this subject with one of the then proprietors of the Public Ledger of this city, who stoutly asserted that it was not only his right but a duty he owed his fellow man, to take all possible advantage of the fluctuations in trade, and procure labor and material as cheaply as he could, quite irrespective of the loss to others. Of course I took exception to this doctrine, and pointed out the fact—as shown by the colossal fortunes made by several New York publishing houses—that simply as a matter of policy, justice paid better than too rigid an economy. The gentleman could not see that such a system would pay well if adopted by proprietors, and still favored the old plan of getting his work done as cheaply as he could.

When, however, the Ledger was purchased by its present proprietor, George W. Childs, he with true business foresight—sharpened by a generous spirit—perceived that to bind employees to his interest, he must show himself able to appreciate honest and faithful service.

When Mr. Childs came into possession of the establishment, without waiting to be importuned, he at once largely increased the pay of every individual working upon a salary, more than doubled those of some of the older hands, and gave it to be understood that as long as an employee conducted himself properly in his position he should retain it, and in fact the interests of his workmen should be his so long as they performed their duties satisfactorily.

If I remember aright it was about the close of the war when Mr. Childs took possession of the Ledger—when labor was to be had in abundance. Practically ignoring therefore the laws of supply and demand, he pursued the liberal policy he had marked out for himself; and I leave all who remember the Ledger of the past, to compare it with the Ledger of the present, and determine for themselves whether justice does not pay better, even financially, than a too rigid economy.

I am [illegible] hours; but that indistinct though significant buzz which announces the awakening of the hour that precedes the resumption of labor was audible. Two gentlemen alone had not yielded to sleep, in spite of the crushing mid-day heat; but seated in an elegantly-furnished *cuarto*, they had spent the hours usually devoted to slumber in conversation. The cause for this deviation from the ordinary custom must have been most serious. The Hispano-American, and especially the Mexican, does not lightly sacrifice those hours of repose during which, according to a Spanish proverb, only dogs and Frenchmen are to be seen in the sun.

Of these two gentlemen, one Don Hernando de Mogner, is already known to us. Years, while stooping his back, had furrowed some wrinkles on his forehead, and mingled many silver threads with his hair; but the expression of his face, with the exception of a tinge of melancholy spread over his features by lengthened misfortunes, had remained nearly the same, that is to say, gentle and timid, although clever; slightly sarcastic and eminently crafty.

As for the person with whom Don Hernando was speaking of, would simply ruin the proprietors, and leave both them and their workmen without either work or wages. And still liberality is the virtue, and often the wisdom, which she asserts it to be—and happy is the man who has the heart to feel for the need of others, and the abundance out of which to bestow freely.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

A NORWICH man who habitually drinks too much liquor, and falls asleep on the sidewalk, has a wonderful dog. When the man lies down and dozes dog takes man by the collar of his coat and gives a gentle pull. If the man gives a snore and a turn, but refuses to wake, his friend gives a more emphatic reminder of the necessity of moving. Then, if the sleeper does not wake, the dog just takes a firm grip on some loose portion of his master's habiliments and pulls him until he is fain to rise, shake himself, and wend his way homeward, followed by the watching eyes of his brute companion. The man is somewhat deaf, and cannot hear when a knock is given on his door. The dog, who sleeps near him, awakes at a summons for his master, pulls him until he awakens, and thus notifies him that he is wanted. Many other evidences of intelligence this faithful animal gives, and his fidelity is shown in his refusals to leave his master, no matter what temptations are offered him.

☞ San Francisco has a lawsuit conducted by two hundred and seventy lawyers.

☞ A young lady hesitating for a word in describing the character of a rejected suitor, said: "He is not a tyrant, not exactly domineering, but—"

"Dogmatic," suggested her friend.

"No; he has not dignity enough for that; I think pupmatic would convey my meaning admirably."

☞ England has had snow storms this winter accompanied by thunder and lightning.

☞ Throughout New England and New York prayers are being offered in the churches for much needed rain.

☞ On the battle-field of Champion Hill, near Vicksburg, a remarkable peach tree is growing. The leaves and fruit of this tree are of a blood-red color. The cause of this phenomenon is romantically ascribed to the fact that during the battle mentioned a Gen. Tigidman was killed, and that his blood drenched the soil upon which the tree subsequently grew.

☞ Female ushers are employed at the London theatres.

☞ A bachelor compares a shirt button to life, because it so often hangs by a thread.

☞ A big, moonstruck youth came fooling around a house in Lexington the other night with a cracked guitar and a squeaky voice, singing, "Put me in my little bed." A window was finally opened and the gentleman informed him that if he didn't "dust," they would "stand him on his little head."

☞ An Indianian threatened suicide and went down cellar for the purpose, as he informed his wife. Soon the report of a pistol was heard from the subterraneous apartment. His wife kept right on knitting, and after a while the man came up stairs, swearing that the woman hadn't got any feeling.

☞ Dr. Lankester, a London magistrate, has given notice that, in case any person shall come by his death through slipping on the pavement from which the snow had not been removed, he will direct the jury to return a verdict of manslaughter against the person through whose neglect the accident may have happened.

☞ In consideration of the prevalence of the cattle disease, some of the towns are adopting a milk embargo.

☞ Among its greatest curiosities Wisconsin reckons a woman who has been married six times, twice to the same man; has been divorced three times, twice from the same man, and is now a widow.

☞ "You have lost your baby, I hear," said one gentleman to another. "Yes, poor little thing! it was only five months old. We did all we could for it. We had four doctors, blistered its head and feet, put mustard poultices all over it, gave it nine calomel powders, leeched its temples, had it bled, and gave it all kinds of medicines, and yet, after a week's illness, it died."

☞ Asia was recently the scene of a terrible earthquake, involving a region of almost two hundred miles. Over three thousand human lives were lost. A mountain having fallen, another was immediately upheaved in its place.

☞ Distinguished German professors are found in the German Army, in France, driving herds of cattle, and doing all kinds of menial work.

☞ It is worth while to bear in mind that if a person has swallowed poison, and no recognized antidote is at hand, the best thing to do is to give warm or cold water as fast as possible. Tepid water is the best, as that opens the pores of the skin, and causes vomiting; but if that is not at hand, do not wait, but give cold, until a physician arrives. While this will not cure all cases of poisoning, it will cure some, and benefit in all instances. But always produce vomiting as soon as possible.

☞ There is a paper printed in the Cherokee nation in the "native dialect." An Arkansas editor says, "It is the worst specimen of pickled tongue we ever saw. It looks as though a nitro-glycerine explosion had occurred in a type foundry."

☞ The "Divorce Suit" is the name of the most stylish travelling dress in Chicago.

☞ When the little negro boy wanted to attend his father's funeral, he asked the schoolmaster for a holiday to go a-blackberrying.

☞ A large number of ballet dancers and outre singers of Paris have become vivandieres for the Gardes Mobiles.

☞ It is piteous to read that little children are dying in Paris for want of milk.

☞ There are one hundred and fifty Americans in Paris.

☞ The new method of supplying water to the Continental Hotel, in Philadelphia, by means of the artesian well, has, after a trial of seven weeks, proved satisfactory. The well is two hundred feet deep, one hundred and fifty-five of which were bored through solid rock. The bore is eight inches in diameter. Fifty thousand gallons of water can be obtained for use every day. The cost for the work was three thousand dollars. The water obtained is softer, purer, and much healthier, for both cooking and drinking purposes than common well water. The uniform temperature is fifty-five degrees.

☞ A Western engineer has invented a hot water pump to squirt deaf men off the rack.

☞ "The good are taken first" does not apply at photograph establishments or barber shops. Each must take his or her turn, good or wicked.

☞ One hundred thousand Germans in France are on the sick and wounded list.

☞ The well-known verses from Tennyson's "In-Memoriam" beginning "Ring out wild bells," have been going the rounds of the press for the past fortnight under the title of "The New Year's Bells, by Alfred Townsend." Such is fame!

☞ "I say, milkman, you give your cows too much salt!" "Why, how do you know how much salt I give them?" "I judge from the appearance of the milk you have brought us lately. Salt makes the cows dry, and then they drink too much water—that makes their milk thin, you know."

☞ HYDRATE OF CHLORAL.—The hydrate of chloral, which has been hailed with delight by medical men and surgeons for its remarkable sedative qualities, is beginning to be used with great caution and not a little fear. It now proves an active agent in decomposing the blood, and is, therefore, liable to produce hemorrhage from an open wound, not easily stopped.

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JAMES M. WELLS,

Dated, Millville, N. J., Jan. 9th, 1871. jan28-3t

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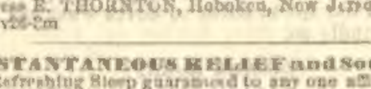

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WIT AND HUMOR.

HORNS.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

In writing the biographi ov horns, I am astonished tew find so meany ov them, and so entirely different in thare pedigree and pretentions.

CAPE HORN.

Cape Horn is the biggest horn known to man.

It is a native ov the extreme bottom ov South Amerika, and gores the oshun.

Cape Horn is hollow, and acts az a phunnell for the winds; which hurry thru it in mutch haste, causing the waters ov the sea for a grate distance tew bekum crasy, which frightens the vessels that go by thare, and makes them rare and pitch tremenjis.

This horn is like a sour old bull in the hiway, don't seem tew be ov enny use, only tew make folks go out ov thare way to git round it.

COW'S HORN.

Two bony projeckshuns, curved, crooked or strate, worn bi the cows on the apeks ov thare heads, for ornament in times ov peace, and use when they go intew war tew stab with.

These horns are a kind ov family record.

At three years old a ring appears on the bottom ov the horn next tew the hed, and each year after a fresh ring is born.

In this way the cows kno how old they are.

Sumtimes these rings fill up the whole horn and grow off into the adjoining fences in the pasture lot, but this only happens tew very old cows.

I never knu it tew happen in my life, and I don't think it ever did; it is one of them venerable lies that are handed down from father tew son, just tew keep the stock ov lies from running out.

When I was a boy and had just begun to chaw tobacco, I was told that butter kum from the cow's horn—I hav since found out that this is another cussed old lie.

This lieing tew children is no evidence of genius, and is sowing the seeds ov deception in a soil too apt bi natur to covet what ain't undoubtedly so.

DINNER HORN.

This is the oldest and most sakred horn thare is. It is set tew music, and plays "Home, Sweet Home," about noon. It has bin listened tew with more rapturous delite than ever Graffula's band has. Yu kan hear it further than yu kan one ov Mr. Rodman's guns. It will arrest a man and bring him in quicker than a sheriff's warrant. It kan outfoot enny other noise; it kauses the deaf tew hear, and the dum tew shout for joy. Glorious old instrument! Long may yure lungs last!

RAM'S HORN.

A spiral root, that emerges suddenly from the figure-head of the masculine sheep, and ram-ifies until it reaches a tip end. Rams' horns are alwus a sure sine ov battle. They are used tew butt with, but without enny respect tew persons. They will attack a stun wall, or a deacon, or an established church. A story is told ov old Deacon Fletcher, ov Konnektikut State, who was digging post-holes in a ram pasture on his farm, and the moshun ov his body waz looked upon bi the old ram, who fed in the lot, as a banter for a fite.

Without arranging enny terms for the fite, the ram went incontinently for the deacon, and took him, the fust shot, on the blind side ov his body, jist about the meridian.

The blow transposed the deacon sum eighteen feet, with a heels-over-head moshun.

Exasperated tew a point at least ten feet beyond endurance, the deacon jumped up, and screamed, with his whole voice, "Yu d—darned old cuss"—and then all at once remembering that he was a good pius deacon, he apologized bi saying, "That is, if I may be allowed the expresshun."

The deacon has mi entire simpathy for the remarks made tew the ram.

WHISKEY HORN.

This horn varies in length, but from three to six inches is the favorite size.

It is different from other horns, being ov a fluid natur.

It is really more pugnashus than the ram's horn; six inches ov it will knok a man perfekly calm.

When it knoks a man down it holds him thare.

It is either the principal or the sekond to most all the iniquity that is travelling around.

It makes brutes ov men, demons ov wimmin, and vagrants ov children,

It has drawn more tears, broken more hearts and blighted more hopes than all the other agencys ov the devil put together.

HORN COMB.

This simple, little, unsophistikated instrument has beheaded countless legions ov innocent children.

I don't mean that it has cut eph their heads, but it has cut its way thru the hirsute embossing that adorns their scalps. It has two rows of sharp teeth, and always has a good appetite.

It is always as ready for a job az a village lawyer, and is az thorough as a search warrant.

It is an emblem ov faith and neatness.

When it gets old and loses its teeth it should be cherished, hung up and labelled, "Well done, old mouser!"

I always look upon an old and worn-out fine-tooth comb with a species ov venerashun bordering on melancholly. It reminds me ov mi boyhood, and the boyish things that was running through mi head in those days ov simplicity and innocence.

There is a grate meany other kinds ov horns, but I haint got the time to tell yu all about them now. There is the "Powder Horn," the "Horn ov the Bull-head," and the "Horn ov Plenty;" and thare is also "Horn Tooke," a celebrated writer ov his day; but good by for the present.

HIGH STRUNG.—Said an American to an Irishman, "My ancestors came from Ireland, my name is Bryant; did you ever know any people of that name in Ireland?"

"O, yes, a great many of them."

"Well, what sort of people were they? Pretty high strung, were they not?"

"O, I've seen a great many of them strung so high that their feet did not touch the ground."

☞ A young lady, upon one occasion, requested her lover to define love. "Well, Mary," said he, "it is to me an inward impressibility and an outward all-overishness."

"HE WAS A BAD BOY."

MISS LOVEKID—"There, my little fellow, I've rung it for you!"

RUNAWAY-RINGER—"Well, then, if the Perlice catches yer, don't go and say as it was *me!*"

TEACH US TO WAIT.

BY PHEBE CARY.

Why are we so impatient of delay,
Longing forever for the time to be?
For thus we live to-morrow in to-day;
Yea, sad to-morrows we may never see.

We are too hasty; are not reconciled
To let kind Nature do her work alone;
We plant our seed, and, like a foolish child,
We dig it up to see if it has grown.

The good that is to be, we covet now;
We cannot wait for the appointed hour;
Before the fruit is ripe, we shake the bough,
And seize the bud that folds away the flower.

When midnight darkness reigns, we do not see
That the sad night is mother of the morn;
We cannot think our own sharp agony
May be the birth-pang of a joy unborn.

Into the dust we see our idols cast,
And cry, that Death has triumphed! life is void!
We do not trust the promise, that the last
Of all our enemies shall be destroyed!

With rest almost in sight the spirit faints,
And heart and flesh grow weary at the last;
Our feet would walk the city of the saints
Even before the silent gate is passed.

Teach us to wait until Thou shalt appear—
To know that all Thy ways and times are just;
Thou seest that we do believe, and fear;
Lord, make us to believe and trust!

A Sad Case.

The Philadelphia Dispatch says:—We have received a poem which tells about a cruel father who declared positively that his daughter should not wed a certain man named Johnson. Whether the father objected particularly to the name of Johnson or not, we do not know. He was very unreasonable if he did, for Johnson is a sweet name, full of poetry and energy, and wild, unearthly music. Here is the last verse of the poem:

The parents swore they should not wed—
He'd rather see his daughter dead
Than to be Johnson's bride.
She looked at him with downcast mien,
Yet with a gaze calm and serene,
Then bowed her head and died.

All through the poem it says nothing about the girl having cholera, or yellow fever, or anything, or about her having been bitten by a mad dog, or having gorged herself with poison; so we can't imagine what killed her, unless it was the effort it cost her to sustain that calm and serene gaze at the very time when she had to look after—her downcast mien! It isn't right for girls to execute too many of these herculean feats at once.

BRIGHAM YOUNG thought his income tax too large last year. He declared it was erroneous, and asked to have it abated. Not being so successful as he desired, the venerable householder revenges himself by complaining of the extravagance of his family. Perhaps if he had only the usual quota of wives and daughters, he might find it required less cloth to clothe them. He says:

"I do not like to charge the ladies with extravagance, but how many yards of cloth does it take to make a dress? If Brother Heber C. Kimball were here he would tell you he used to buy six yards of calico for his wife, who was a tall woman. That used to make a dress, and it was a pretty large pattern; then it got up to seven, then to eight, then to nine, then to eleven, and I have been called upon to buy sixteen, seventeen, and eighteen yards for a dress.

"I recollect very well when our fathers and mothers raised the flax and the wool, and when it was carded with hand-cards, spun on hand-wheels, and woven into cloth on hand-looms, and in this way the wants of the family had to be supplied. But now every woman wants a sewing-machine. What for? To do her sewing. Well; but she can do a hundred times as much sewing with a machine as she could by hand, and she does not need a machine more than one day in two or three weeks.

"'Oh yes,' says she, 'I want my sewing-machine every day in my life.'

"'What are you going to do with it?'

"'I am going to sew.'

"And when the sewing-machine is procured, they want a hundred times as much cloth as they used to have."

If women make all this expense and annoyance, why in the world does the gentleman trouble himself with so many of them?

Small Housekeeping.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TO ZIG BY XIB.

You are troubled with "small housekeeping." I deeply sympathize with you, being in a like state of suffering myself. But what is sympathy? A remedy is what you want. I will recommend several. A doctor, you are aware, may be a very skillful practitioner, although himself afflicted with an incurable disease.

My first remedy is, "get a girl." Let her make your fires, mix your bread, wash your dishes, sift your coal—by the way, did you ever sift anthracite coal-ashes in dead of winter? If not, come visit me and I will let you try your hand at it. It would break in finely upon the monotony of your petty housekeeping. Sifting hard coal-ashes is a pink-posey to dish-washing. You must experience it to be able to appreciate its delectability. But to return to the "girl." She will prove a sovereign remedy; she will radically cure you of dish-washing. Yes, get a girl, and be a lady yourself.

To be sure your girl will do as she pleases; and she *may* please to do or not to do many things that will be anything but pleasing to you. She may please to mix the bread in the han' dish, to scrape pots and kettles with one or more of your five surviving spoons, to wipe the dishes with the table-napkins, or to light the fires with your latest magazine, newspaper or love-letter; she may insist on being your companion instead of your servant, although possessed of no more brains than the caput of a newly-hatched Shanghai chicken; she may pry into your secrets, and pick your pockets; she may wear your best hat and suit a gadding while you are out shopping in your second best; she may rifle your glove-box and your sugar dish; she may order you out of your own kitchen; she may unceremoniously intrude upon your most secret retirement; but she will wash your dishes, that will be one comfort.

If you find it "incompatible" to "get a girl," then you must "board." But to board both comfortably and pleasantly, requires a handsome as well as uninterrupted income. To board at a boarding house is simply to "put up at a hotel," it is to stay travelling, to be always away from home. To board in a private family *may* be pleasant, but there will, almost invariably, be something undesirable, some thorn in the flesh to vex, and worry, and exasperate.

There is one more remedy which is often recommended to worn out school-marms longing for a rest from their labors; too often, alas! with a touch of sarcasm bordering on malignity. That is, to get married. Of course it is understood that you must marry a money-bag. I merely mention this remedy. Do not rap me over the head for it. You understand that I do not prescribe this dose. If it does not suit you, I advise you not to try it. I wouldn't. Starvation, death, not even dish-washing itself, should force me to marry a man I did not love, to marry a man I was not drawn to by that magnetic influence sometimes denominated "love," but which is infinitely higher than nineteen twentieths of the article quoted in the market under that name.

Now, dear fellow school-marm, dear Zig, if none of the above-mentioned remedies will cure you of petty housekeeping, if none of them will heal you of dish-washing, that scourge of our unfortunate sex, then I must pronounce you absolutely incurable. Your disease is chronic, it is virulent; it must eventually prove fatal. Settled consumption cannot be removed. As an honest and humane physician I frankly tell you that all which remains to be done for you is to "make you comfortable," or try to do so, while you linger here. Providence may work marvels in your case, but human skill is powerless to cure you.

Let us proceed, then, to assuage your mortal pains by all the soothing, mollifying means within our reach. First, the bread making. Have nothing to do with it. Throw your flour to the dogs. Buy your bread and cake at the baker's. Secondly, making coal fires. Always put in a little stick of oak wood with your kindlings, and, on the honor of a faultless physician, your fire will kindle every time before the oak stick is burnt up. Then, never once put your hands to your head while you are tinkering over that fire, and you will avoid the smutty nose when that nice young man comes to the door.

Thirdly, the piling up of the dishes. Break up all your dishes but one plate, one cup and one saucer, then send four of those five surviving spoons into hades after the shade of their departed companion; and the dishes, of necessity, must forever cease to pile up and pile up.

Hoping herewith to make you temporarily a trifle easier, and without any aspirations for the vote of the gold-headed cane, (the vote without the cane would be but a slim supporter,) I am, with condolence,

XIB.

Keeping Secrets.

A good way to keep a secret is to keep it to yourself. If you tell one you might as well tell everybody. The following is related of Stuart, the celebrated painter, which illustrates finely the power which a secret has to propagate itself, if once allowed a little airing, and to reach a few ears. Stuart had, as he supposed, discovered a secret art of coloring—very valuable. He told it to a friend. His friend valued it very highly, and came a time afterwards to ask permission to communicate it, under oath of eternal secrecy, to a friend of his who needed every possible aid to enable him to rise.

"Let me see," said Stuart, making a chalk mark on a board at hand; "I know the art, and that is—"

"One," said his friend.

"You know it," said Stuart, making another mark by the side of the one already made; and "that is—"

"Two," cried the other.

"Well, you tell your friend, and that will be"—making a third mark—

"Three only," said the other.

"No," said Stuart, "it is one hundred and eleven!" (111.)

☞ Good manners are the blossoms of good sense.

AGRICULTURAL.

Wooden Horse-Collars and Saddles.

Galled shoulders and backs are to no small extent due to the soft pads and cushions which are pressed upon the tender skin under which the muscles play, and upon which great weight or draught is borne. The skin thickens and gets tough to some extent, but the softer or more padded the collar or saddle, the more liable is the skin to blister and gall. This is because the perspiration is retained, the skin softened and made to rub and move more upon the flesh and bone beneath. Horses whose backs galled under padded saddles would get well when used with well-fitting army-saddles, which were simply hard wooden trees covered with rawhide, dry and hard, almost like iron. Why the hint has not been before taken we cannot imagine, but only recently have we seen wooden horse-collars introduced. They have been used for some time at the South—more, we fancy, from necessity than from choice, but with the best results. Now, two companies are manufacturing them in this city, and other hard materials not liable to absorb water are being introduced. Some are made to be used with hames; others have hooks or other attachment places for traces upon the collar itself. One patented material called "Flaxhorn" is very tough, capable of being worked into very light strong collars, saddle-trees, harness, saddles, and pads.

A wooden collar for ordinary work can be made which opens like an ordinary hames, at the top, but the two parts are fastened together at the bottom by a strong iron hinge. Others open to go over the head of the horse at two points a little below the trace-hooks on each side; others still chiefly in use for mules, we believe, do not open at all, but are made in one piece, with two spots cut out on each side, so that the collar will go over the head, and not hurt the bony projections over the eyes. As we see it, there is a great future for hard horse-collars, etc., and we fully believe they will be not only lighter, but far easier for horses than the heavy costly padded things they are now tortured with.—*Hearth and Home.*

My Well.

How I made it and how I found the place.

There is nothing about a dwelling more conducive to comfort than a good fountain of water, and as my well has been perfectly satisfactory, I thought its history might be interesting. While more than half the wells in the circuit of my acquaintance, have been entirely dry during the recent drought, and many dry even now, mine has had enough (in my opinion) to supply the wants of every living creature within five miles; there never was a time when a man could draw it dry in half a day. And while others have filled with dirt from one to ten feet deep, mine never had a quart of dirt in it.

I discovered a spot near my house where the grass was green, when so dry that elsewhere it was parched and withered. I selected that spot for my well. I dug it in the autumn of 1837, a year memorable not only for a severe drought, but for the bursting of the great bubble—the eastern land speculation—which brought sadness to many thousands in New England and not a few farther off. I dug it about twenty feet across, drove it down eight or ten feet after the water came in freely; kept as many hands at work as could find room, some digging and some bailing out the water; came to a ledge; exploded two or three blasts, which made a nice bottom; stoned up to a foot or more above the surrounding earth; put on a capstone, which is a round flat stone about six feet across, with a hole in the middle to draw water through; covered the rest of the stoning with turf up even with the capstone. Put a curb on the capstone, with a windlass and *latch*, then the "oaken bucket," and my well is done.

Now having it dug so large makes the wall so thick that no dirt has got through into the funnel. The earth dug out was carted on to a piece of low land which has paid for the labor. I tapped the well about three feet from the bottom, put in a lead pipe to convey water to my stables. It is still in good order, and I have never had any symptoms of lead-poisoning among my horses or cattle.—*Stephen Adams, in Germantown Telegraph.*

FEEDING SHEEP.—A person to succeed in sheep feeding must do it because he likes to do it—because he prefers to feed sheep and see them eat, to any other business done in winter; and although he may not be able or willing to do the work himself, still he must take delight in seeing it well attended to if he expects to prosper. He should be sure to see every sheep he has, at least once a day, when, if he understands his business, he can tell at a glance whether they have been properly cared for.—*Ohio Farmer.*

AN old stable keeper in England says he has never had a bad foot on his horses since he commenced the practice of bedding on a thick layer of sawdust. Pine sawdust he finds the best; oak the worst.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 1, 10, 6, 17, 4, 13, is a delicious fruit.
My 8, 9, 2, is a tree.
My 1, 10, 8, 16, 11, 18, 7, was a king of France who received the iron crown of Lombardy.
My 14, 8, 13, 19, 12, was one of our bravest generals in the Revolution.
My 1, 5, 3, 17, 15, is a girl's name.
My 14, 3, 16, has caused much suffering.
My 1, 6, 11, 18, 4, 13, is a vegetable.
My 11, 15, 4, preserves order in our land.
My 14, 16, 12, 19, is a bird.
My 1, 8, 16, 18, makes one grow old.
My 8, 7, 10, 5, 6, 13, is a river in the United States.
My 1, 15, 4, 9, is an easy mode of travelling.
My 2, 8, 4, 18, is eagerly pursued by the hunter.
My 3, 19, 19, 12, is the name of one of England's noted queens.
My 8, 5, 12, is a celebrated beverage.
My whole is the name of a promising student in Michigan University. A. H. W.

Charade.

My first o'er many a bare spot spreads its green;
No lovelier flower than my second is seen,
Except my fair whole which is beauty's queen.

Two Puzzles.

I.

Dreaming of apples on a wall,
And dreaming often, dear,
I dreamed that if I counted all,
How many would appear?

II.

A stick I found, that weighed two pound:
I sawed it up one day
In pieces eight, of equal weight.
How much did each piece weigh?

Everybody says "a quarter of a pound," which is wrong.

Arithmetical Problem.

A man dying, having two children, a son and a daughter, ordered by testament that the daughter's portion should be the one-twentieth part of his estate, thus leaving to the son 19-twentieth parts thereof. The boy turned out to be a spendthrift, and some time afterwards, having spent 19-twentieths of 33 thirty-thirds of his inheritance, bragged against his sister that he still had $364 08 more money left than what she had got at first. How much did the father leave to both his children?

HILDEBERT KOBEL.

Conundrums.

☞ Why are birds melancholy in the morning? Ans.—Because their little bills are all over dew.

☞ Why is the letter H like a cure for deafness? Ans.—Because it makes ear hear.

☞ When does a shilling act like a razor? Ans.—When a man cuts off his heirs with one.

☞ A jealous husband objected to having a sewing machine in his house. Why was it? Ans.—Because a *feller* came with it that pleased his wife very much.

☞ Why are there no eggs in San Domingo? Ans.—They banished the whites and cast off their yoke.

☞ When does a chair dislike you. Ans.—When it can't bear you.

☞ What is the key-note to good-breeding? Ans.—B natural.

☞ Which is the better off, tea or coffee? Ans.—Coffee. It settles itself, but tea has to draw.

☞ Why must a line drawn by a pen always be on a slope? Ans.—Because it's always an ink-line (incline.)

☞ When is a man like a wheel? Ans.—When he turns round.

Answers to Last.

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RECEIPTS.

BETTER BUTTER.—J. G. Caulkins, Dutchess Co., N. Y., says:—"When the milk is brought in and strained, set the pans, one at a time, over a kettle half full of boiling water, and let them remain until the milk is *thoroughly scalded;* this is to be repeated the next day, and the milk then set aside in the pantry adjoining the sitting-room or kitchen, and kept comfortably warm until fit to skim; the cream is to be kept in a loosely covered jar, in the same temperature, and well stirred every time fresh cream is added, and churned at least once a week; the butter will be as sweet, and almost as rich as in June or October. If an orange carrot be grated fine, a little warm water poured on it, and the juice pressed out, strained, and stirred in the cream before churning, the butter [illegible] golden yellow."

☞ A Pennsylvania wife claims a divorce on the ground that her husband represented himself to be a very wealthy man, worth hundreds of thousands of dollars; that she had married him on that representation, but that she found he was only a gardener, whose only property consisted in a well-stocked cabbage garden, an orchard, and a cottage.